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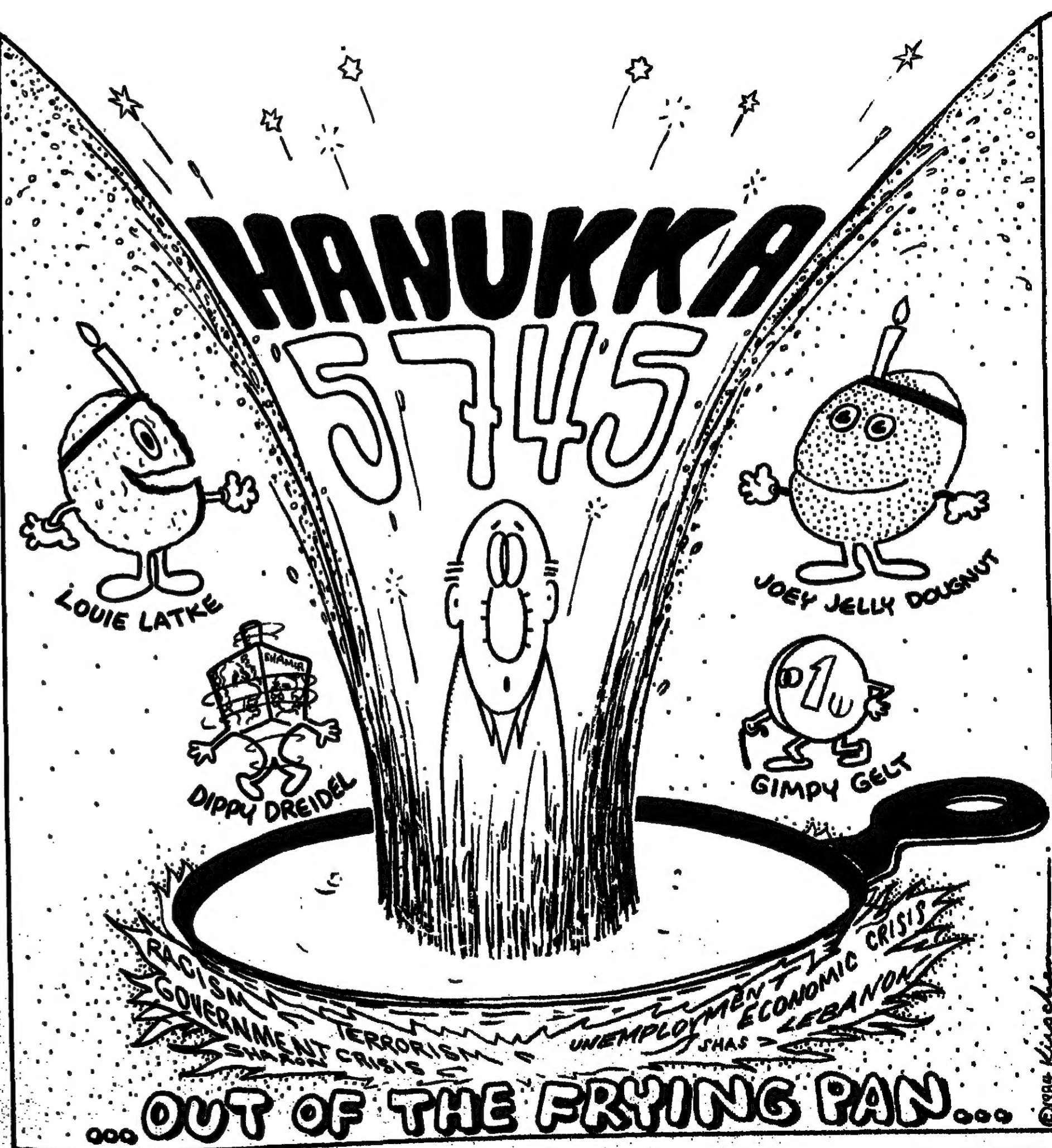
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THE JERUSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE

Friday, December 27, 1984

INSIDE: ISRAEL KESSAR, THE MAN BEHIND THE IMAGE (P.3);
CHRISTIANS IN THE HOLY LAND (P.5); EXOTIC PLANTS (P.6);
PRIZE-WINNING PIX (P.8); MARKETING WITH MARTHA (P.15)

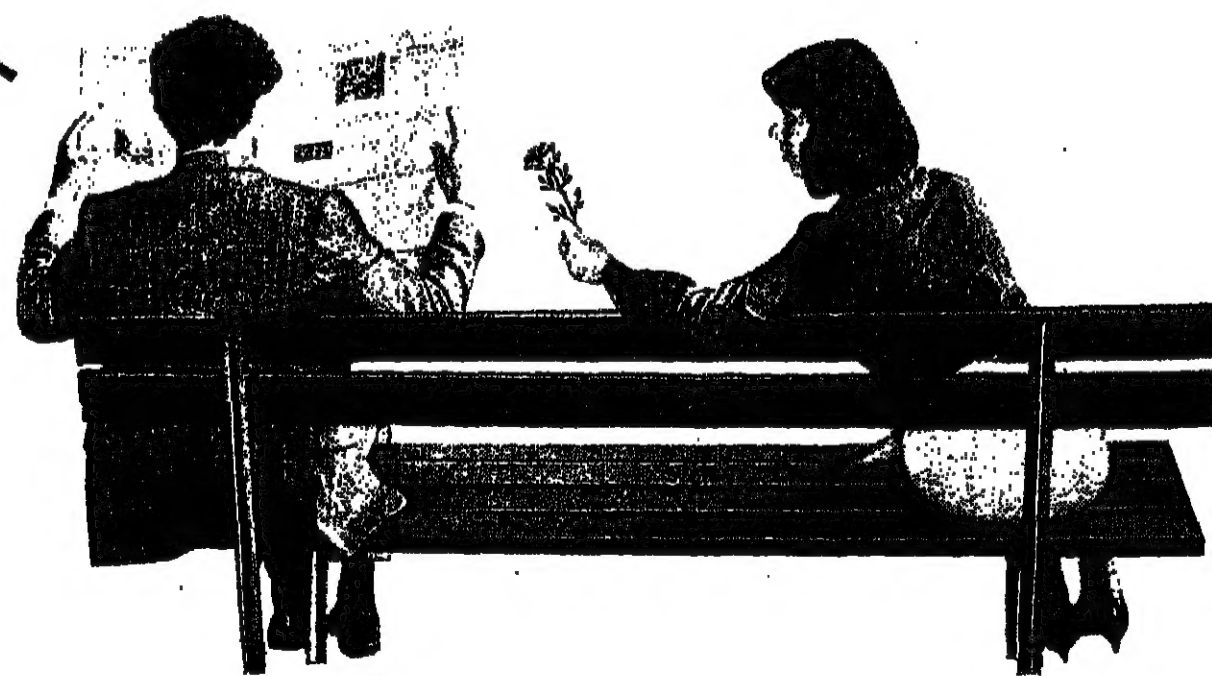
IN THE POSTER: ART, CINEMA, THEATRE AND DANCE REVIEWS,
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THERE'S A NEW image at the Histadrut, which this week has been celebrating its 64th birthday. It's exemplified by the replacement of the huge barrier in the headquarters' entrance foyer manned by two officious pensioners. Instead, visitors are greeted by two pretty girls adorning an information booth.

Another change is symbolized by the brand-new computer terminal installed in the fifth-floor office of Secretary-General Israel Kessar. The brilliant Hebrew University economics graduate (under Prof. Dan Patinkin and the late Prof. Aliba Lerner) is even trying to initiate his fellow trade union leaders into the mysteries of economic theory.

Reaching the pinnacle of organized labour at the age of 53 without an army of factional partisans, but entirely on personal merit, this son of a Yemenite building worker is more than just a Zionist success story. He has kept faith with his cultural roots without ever being regarded as a mere communal leader. The first occupant of the secretary-general's seat, David Ben-Gurion, would have been delighted with such a successor.

When I mentioned the changes apparent in the Histadrut since he took over, Kessar produced a jar from his desk drawer, and asked with a guffaw, "And what about this?" It contained *khawa'ej*, the condiment that adds that special piquant flavour to Yemenite-style coffee. His office overflows with paintings and other gifts marking his appointment.

One wall is dominated by a large, framed scroll, decorated with the tree of life, entitled "A Song of Friendship to Kessar," written by Mordechai Yitzhaki, the poet of Rosh Ha'ayin, the Yemenite village near Petah Tikva. Composed in rhyming couplets, it pays tribute to the man who has become "leader of the working people... his soul was sickened by squabbling factions. He strives to settle quarrels... his replies are short and to the point. His ways are pleasant and humble. He knows how to deal with the boastful, the pretentious, the loud-mouthed and the overbearing... he speaks softly to friends and gives of his time to his movement and his people."

ON THE wall behind Kessar's desk hangs a fine painting by Nahum Gutman of building workers in the days of Little Tel Aviv. It is a permanent reminder of his origins. For that was how his father provided for his seven children when the family arrived in this country after the grueling journey from Sana'a. Israel was then two years old.

During their first few months they lived in a run-down Arab house in the Hassan Bek quarter of Jaffa, then moved to cramped quarters in the Nahlat Ahim district of Jerusalem.

His father's frail health obliged his mother to become the breadwinner, going out as domestic help and taking in washing at home. Israel, the middle son, was expected to help his mother along with the others.

It was a family that prized its religious heritage and the boys were sent to a religious primary school and Talmud Tora, as well as to an old rabbi in the neighbourhood to be instructed in Yemenite tradition. This childhood memory of prayer in the Jerusalem dawn has stayed.

The trade union leader remains a man of faith, reiterating constantly that notwithstanding life's trials and tribulations, he has never lost his belief in the Almighty. He has always argued that a man without faith lacks the central core of his being. He is the first Histadrut secretary-

Instinct for maneuver



Histadrut Secretary-General Israel Kessar deals with Likud minister Yitzhak Moda'i, while Labour's Gad Ya'acobi looks on.

(Gadi Auran)

MARK SEGAL profiles Israel Kessar

general to attend synagogue regularly and one of the few Labour Party leaders who has a natural rapport with traditionally-minded audiences. The fact that he is able to counter scriptural quotations from members of an audience with some choice quotations of his own, certainly accords him an advantage in dealing with a sizeable segment of the electorate.

His frequent appearance in synagogues is part of his drive to eradicate the Histadrut's anti-religious image, as was his invitation—the first in the annals of the federation—to the two chief rabbis to meet his "cabinet," the Histadrut Central Committee, with the Na'amal leaders able to vent their criticism of the workings of rabbinical courts to the two chief rabbis.

WHEN KESSAR was 16, his family moved down to Moshav Ge'ulim in the Sharon, obliging him to interrupt his studies at the Mizrahi teachers' seminary in Jerusalem. By then, World War II had ended and his elder brother had been released from a German POW camp. Israel soon joined the Hagana, where he underwent training under Israel Yeshayahu's command, as part of an Arabic-speaking Yemenite unit being prepared to operate behind enemy lines.

The UN partition decision brought their training to an end, and the men were dispersed to various fighting units. Kessar served in the Alexandroni Brigade in the War of Independence, being demobilized with the rank of sergeant. Henceforth he would serve his reserve duty in the Intelligence Corps.

Back at the moshav, he worked on the family farm by day and studied at night. In 1949 he attended a Jewish Agency teachers' and youth instructors' course and spent the next year as a teacher-instructor of immigrant children at the Kiryat Ye'arim youth village.

A turning-point came when he attended the central Histadrut seminar in economics and social science. There he met his old Hagana instructor, by then in charge of the Mapai Yemenite immigrants' absorption section. Yeshayahu drew him into working among the new immigrants of the "Magic Carpet" aliya and set Kessar's feet on the first rung of the political ladder. Simultaneously, he studied economics and sociology at the Tel Aviv branch of the Hebrew University, the kernel of Tel Aviv University.

While Kessar is on record as praising the efforts of the Yishuv to absorb double its number in such a short time, he has also registered his reservations at the failure of the officials concerned to properly appreciate the traditional values of the people absorbed, especially when it came to budgeting for a village synagogue before a cultural centre and assembly hall.

Kessar had two other mentors in Mapai after Yeshayahu. First, Giora Josephthal who, as minister of labour, picked him to run his bureau, enabling him to complete his BA. (Later on he gained an MA in labour studies at Tel Aviv University.)

He was able to witness how Josephthal created new forms of absorption patterns such as the development towns. But the minister must also have learned from his young aide, for he was the first Mapai politician to warn of the social and political dangers inherent in the widening gap between "the two Israels."

The other mentor was the sportan

Knesset Finance Committee Chairman Israel Gur, who taught him that political advancement depends on merit rather than on indebtedness to any particular faction. Indeed, Kessar rose in the hierarchy by virtue of a universal recognition of his capabilities.

This does not mean that his communal origin did not come into play from time to time, but in analysing his career it can be safely said that in the early stages he was accepted for his worth, regardless of his place of birth.

As the poet of Rosh Ha'ayin wrote, he has avoided factional fights like the plague, thereby making as few enemies as is possible in the world of political guerrilla warfare. Thus, he refused to identify with any of the camps in his party, allowing himself to be courted by all sides, which certainly helped him in the final ascent from his fourth floor trade union department office.

THE NEW HEAD of the Histadrut follows a healthy regime. He eats sparingly, does not smoke, and engages in sports daily. He rises at five a.m. every weekday and drives over to the Hapoel courts in Tel Aviv to play tennis.

He usually reaches the Histadrut H.Q. at about seven, well before its army of functionaries and secretaries have made an appearance. After clocking-in, he then goes up to the general dining room for his morning coffee (or milk) break. People know it is then they can grab his attention and present their personal problems to this most approachable of Histadrut leaders.

He then launches into a long, unbroken work day, with no pause for lunch. Invariably, on the days when the Knesset is in session he travels up to Jerusalem to perform his parliamentary duties, returning

to resume his chores at his office into the late hours.

A workaholic, he often manages on as little as five hours' sleep.

Those who know Kessar say he conducts a modest life-style, as low-key as his manner. He still lives in the three-room flat that has been his home for 20 years and drives himself in an unfashionable Ford Escort 1300 car from the Ya'ad Hapoel car pool.

His wife, Mazal, comes from a Yemenite rabbinical family, and he speaks of her erudition in languages and literature with deep respect. His only regret is that he cannot take Mazal to the theatre or the movies as he used to in the more carefree past. He relaxes to her collection of classical records, but also enjoys listening to Oriental and Yemenite music.

They share their home with their daughter Re'uma. Their son Avishai is married and has his own home.

Having not altered his way of living since he reached the top of the Histadrut ladder, Kessar says with some pride that his phone number has stayed unclassified. The main sufferer is his wife. "She complains that she's been forced to become a full-time answering service."

How do they manage to make ends meet?

"We have to make do. We don't complain, because so many others earn less than we do."

AT HISTADRUT meetings, Kessar tends to behave somewhat impishly during boring speeches, puncturing balloons of hot air, whose launchers deeply resent his humorous interventions. Some of his more militant comrades accuse their chief of not being sufficiently aggressive and of reacting too mildly to events.

For his part, Kessar always responds to such criticism by wondering why violence should be regarded

(Continued on page 4)

Continued from page 3

as signifying firmness, and why a civilized manner of speech and a low-key approach in negotiations should be thought of as indicating weakness.

People who have worked with him say that his rather diffident manner camouflages an iron will. They say that behind the Yemenite charm, there lies a Galitzianer's instinct for maneuver combined with a Yekke's punctilious attention to detail.

While he has studiously avoided committing himself on defence and foreign policy, Kessar's opinions on social and economic affairs are vocal. He challenges the modish view that a little unemployment goes a long way to help cure Israel's ailing economy. He regards this as an outdated and dangerous notion in a society that each year finds the best of its youth emerging from army service onto the labour market.

His solution is to focus on economic growth with export-oriented policies. He speaks frequently on under-employed productive capacity in many industries that could, with proper guidance, become profitably engaged in exports.

He blames the Likud years for the present mess, especially when it comes to economic planning.

RESPONDING to questions on the package deal and the prospects of its extension, Kessar regretted that the government - i.e., the Treasury - "failed to do its homework properly as regards subsidies on basic commodities." He took pride in the fact that the freeze agreement was primarily a Histadrut proposal. Its success was apparent from the manner whereby merchants were now chasing buyers and not vice versa as was the case hitherto. The same applied in banking, he added.

Histadrut study groups were right now considering answers to the big question: What next? The Labour Federation chief's mild façade slipped as he gave the steely answer:

"We will not agree that each side will carry on doing his own thing. There will be no *status quo ante*. We would like to continue with the freeze as it stands. In any case, we believe it advisable that the partners to the deal should, before extending a stable arrangement, agree on which price changes, if any, are

necessary. But there can be no letting things get out of control."

Kessar revealed that the Histadrut was insisting on income tax reform so that the tax burden would be more equitably spread between the salaried and the self-employed. He regretted that tax-dodging was too easily tolerated, with the transgressors getting off too lightly in the courts. But above all he deplored Treasury talk of impending price increases, warning "the government will lose its credibility."

The Histadrut chief was very cautious in talking of his differences with the national unity government. Having done his best to establish some kind of working relationship with a union-busting finance minister like the previous one, Herut's Yizhak Cohen-Orad, he was now faced with a liberal minister in Yizhak Moda'i, enjoying the full backing of his own party's prime minister. While Pines, unlike his predecessor, was constantly involved in economic policy-making, strong differences existed between the government and the Histadrut in such basic areas as the prevention of unemployment and spreading the economic burden.

Kessar does not observe the gentlemen's agreement between his party's ministers and the Likud to refrain from blaming the latter for leading the country into the current economic crisis. As he puts it: "We have become the chimney-sweepers for the previous Likud government, so that they will be able to stoke the fires once more in two years' time." He is also annoyed that "only the Likud ministers appear as defenders of the working man," while his party colleagues keep silent in keeping with coalition discipline.

With regard to the upcoming Histadrut elections, Kessar, while careful never to mention David Levy, specifically agreed that the Likud had already begun its election campaign. He would not commit himself on a date, beyond confirming that the elections would be held in 1985, and saying that there would be a special session of the executive on December 30 to start the ball rolling.

Secretary-General Uzi Baram's intention of insisting on the party having the last say in economic policy-making. He declines to have any mediators: he wants a direct line to the prime minister.

"I want to avoid any impression that the government is dictating to us," he declared.

Which may explain his dodging meetings of the informal top party forum in which policy was to have been thrashed out.

The BIG test of his leadership will come at the elections, when he will have to justify his stewardship of the Labour Federation. Then judgment will be made of his maneuvering the Histadrut boat between the Scylla of a Labour-led government and the Charybdis of the Likud's populist attack.

More will be at stake than Israel Kessar's retention of the No. 1 job at the Histadrut massif. It may be said that the Labour Party can manage to survive even if it loses government office, but it cannot afford to lose its Histadrut majority. Should that ever happen, it could mean the emergence of a society entirely different from the Israel we have known.

Kessar MADE no bones about his fierce defence of Histadrut independence, as evinced by his strong negative response to Labour Party

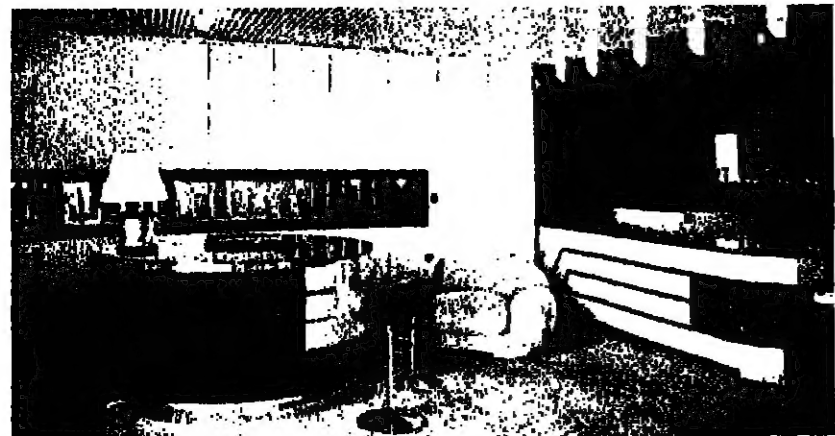
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REQUIRED PRESENCE

THE GROUP, representatives of a Christian organization from abroad, listened to the Israeli government official with attention. But when he finished his talk, the leader rose to confront him:

"If the situation of Christians in Israel is so wonderful, why does their number keep decreasing?"

It was with some satisfaction that the Israeli pulled the figures of the 1983 census out of his pocket. The figures for the first time since 1948 showed an increase in the number of the country's Christian residents - from 72,131 in 1973, to 94,170 in 1983. During the same period, he pointed out, the Christian population of Jerusalem increased from 11,704 to 13,730.

As Christmas draws near, the eyes of the Christian world focus on the

Haim Shapiro

Holy Land, and at least a few accusing fingers will once again be pointed at the Jewish State for driving out what may see as the last vestiges of the first Church. In numerous statements, which, it must be noted, do not directly accuse Israel, the Pope has decried the emigration of Christians from the birthplace of Christianity. Without local believers, he has said, the holy places will become mere museums for the curious rather than living shrines.

But other Christian observers are not so reticent. An Anglican bishop, Kenneth Craig, described Christian emigration as "a direct consequence

of Israeli attitudes and actions. In *This Year in Jerusalem*, published in 1982, Craig said, "The feeling that at best impasse and at worst despair are the only long options for the future has led the more able or resourceful of Palestinian Christians to seek family survival or renewal elsewhere."

SUPPORTERS OF ISRAEL, of course, see things in quite a different light. Dr. Michael Krupp, a Protestant pastor living in the Jerusalem suburb of Ein Kerem, speaks of the "alarming" rate of Christian emigration from the West Bank during Jordanian rule, from 1949 to 1967. In an article some years ago in *Christian News from Israel*, a periodical published by the Ministry for Religious Affairs, Krupp argued that Christ-

(Above) Procession outside Bethlehem's Basilica of the Nativity. (Below) Bagpipe-playing scouts in Bethlehem.



ianity has been a fact of life in the region for over a century (although Mandatory Palestine showed a sharp upward swing in the Christian population from 62,000 in 1919 to 140,000 in 1947).

Looking at the issue over the broad spectrum of history, Israel Lippel, former director of the Religious Affairs Ministry and presently head of the Centre for Inter-Religious Understanding in the Old City, notes that the Christian population of Jerusalem always tended to rise when the city was under Christian rule. During Byzantine times, it reached 60,000 to 80,000, he says, and was 30,000 under the Crusaders; it peaked at about the same figure in Mandatory times.

Lippel notes that Jordan's King Hussein tried to protect the country's Christian population, but, Lippel adds, he also stressed the Moslem character of his regime. It was not an accident, he believes, that Bethlehem, until 1948 a Christian town, was surrounded by refugee camps, giving the town a Moslem majority.

Meanwhile, the flow continues. A wedding picture taken outside the Basilica of the Nativity in Bethlehem shows that, aside from the groom and the bride's father, virtually the entire family group is made up of women and children.

The men are all off at their jobs in the Persian Gulf. But the economic situation in the Gulf is not all that good today and fewer Palestinians, Christian or Moslem, are going there these days.

ACCORDING TO Dr. Selim Ta'amari, a sociologist at Birzeit University, the movement to the Gulf is a relatively recent one, beginning in the 1960s. Far more longstanding are the traditional patterns, with people from specific towns and villages going to specific locations abroad. Former residents of Bethlehem and their offspring are to be found in Chile, Mexico, Honduras and Nicaragua, while shops owned by emigrants from Ramallah proliferate in San Francisco, Detroit, Jacksonville, Florida and, more recently, Texas.

In the late 1960s and early 1970s, Ta'amari notes, citizens of Nazareth began making their way to Los Angeles, where they are active in running small businesses and as professionals. The most recent movement has been to Canada and Australia. Unsubstantiated rumours have it that Israel intervened with the Canadian government in order to facilitate the granting of visas for local Arabs to that country, says the sociologist.

The mere fact that emigrating involves an initial outlay of capital for transportation, settling and finding work means that it is the better educated and the more established who tend to leave. Perhaps the most important factor is the existence of kin groups in the host country, people who can take relatives in, help them find homes and jobs and help to smooth the integration process.

This, in turn, leads to the question of how the first Christian Arabs made their way abroad. Ta'amari, like others, places the responsibility on the shoulders of the missions, Catholic and Protestant alike.

BROTHER Joseph Lowenthal, former rector of Bethlehem University and presently director of Jerusalem's Pontifical Mission, a social welfare agency in the Old City, feels that the attitude of the churches, including his own, was to direct their educational efforts at inculcating foreign influence. The churches and educational institutions were,

and to some measure still are, run by foreigners. Until a short time ago, the language of instruction was English or French and the children were made to feel that their own culture was inferior.

While critical of Israel's occupation policy, which he feels diverted economic opportunity from the West Bank, Lowenthal admits that much of the pressure on the Christian Arab comes from his Moslem neighbours, who tend to identify the term Arab with Moslem. The discrimination is not very obvious, but it does not behind the scenes, with the result that the local Arab Christian feels unwanted and deserted.

As for the Church itself, Lowenthal feels that far more efforts are spent in catering to the visiting pilgrim than to the local believer. True, he admits, there are hospitals and schools and perhaps too many charitable institutions serving local Christians. Some of them tend to interfere with each other, he says, although lack of government direction may be partly to blame for this.

There are also projects which are specifically aimed at keeping local Christians from leaving. One such project was Bethlehem University, although the Catholic-run institution has Moslem as well as Christian students. By keeping the youngsters at home a little longer, it is reasoned, they will be less likely to leave home later. But Lowenthal admits that, at least in some cases, a student educated to fill a position which is unavailable may be just as likely to leave home.

Another enterprise intended to keep Christians from leaving is a housing project in Beit Hanina, on the northern outskirts of Jerusalem. Built next door to a parish church and youth centre, the 42 housing units erected by the Franciscans were intended to ease crowded housing conditions in the Old City. But although some of the flats were ready for tenants in May this year, they still remain empty, owing, it is being said, to difficulty in establishing suitable criteria for choosing the occupants.

More successful has been a similar housing project run by the Greek Catholics, where 36 flats in the same area were quickly snapped up. This is probably thanks, at least in part, to the head of the Greek Orthodox Church, Archbishop Lutfi Laham, described as the most "pastoral" of the local church dignitaries.

Laham is not reticent about singling out politics as one of the prime causes of emigration. As a small minority, he says, the Christians need stability, while the atmosphere here is one of turbulence. With the solution of the Palestinian problem, he says, the Christians will be more ready to stay.

He also points to another phenomenon, the tendency to move first from a village to Jerusalem, and then to go abroad.

He perceives great - and unexplained - differences in emigration patterns. Thus, he points out, while many people have left Bethlehem, nearby Beit Sahur is virtually untouched.

Laham believes that there is pressure on the Christian from Jew and Moslem alike, but points out that emigration is hardly exclusively a Christian problem. Jews are leaving the country too.

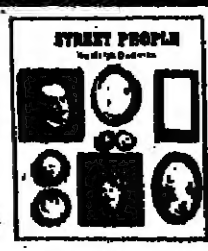
"It is our duty to keep people here," says Laham. "We must make them conscious of the importance of their presence in the Holy Land." This is not only important to Christianity itself, the archbishop feels. Israel's Christian community is needed to continue its dialogue with both Jews and Moslems in a land that is sacred to all three groups.

THE JERUSALEM POST & carta



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IN GREEN countries like the United States or Germany there are greeners. They want man to keep his hands off nature.

Israel has no such greeners. One reason is that we can't leave our hands off anything. But another is that without man, nature here would not be green. So, in a sense, we have the real greeners. Their thumbs are imprinted in every kibbutz field, every JNF forest, every city park. For them the dream of Eretz Yisrael, in the past and today, was a dream in green.

A few kilometres northeast of Netanya there lies a 50-dunam plot of land dedicated to this dream in green. There, garden lovers can see where many of the trees and plants that fill Israel's parks and gardens today got their start, and can feast on Latin nomenclature to their heart's delight.

Havat Ha'no'i, an experimental garden and nursery, was founded by greeners in 1949. Its purpose was to introduce into the country new species of trees and plants that thrive elsewhere in the world, but had never been introduced to make aliyah.

In touch with botanical gardens around the world, the gardeners of Havat Ha'no'i lavished tender loving care on their new acquisitions in the hope that they could cajole them into adjusting to the environment of Israel. And when they succeeded, seeds and cuttings and plants would be distributed to gardeners around the country.

Over the years, the Hava has sent its offspring to every corner of the land, enriching the variety of trees and plants that populate our parks and gardens.

The founder was Sirkin Zafir, a greener from Kibbutz Ein Harod. He was succeeded by Ruth Ben-Jamin, who had come to Palestine from Germany as a child in 1938 and trained in horticulture at the Mikve Israel Agriculture School. After serving in the British army, and in the IDF during the War of Independence, she joined the Hava. She was its director until her premature death in 1976.

"ALL SORTS of things can grow in Israel that we would not have imagined," says Sydney Ivker, a horticulturist who has worked at the Hava since 1972.

"Israel's unique geographical location - a meeting-point of Europe, Asia and Africa - and the climatic extremes, from the arid Dead Sea region to the high rainfall areas of the north, make unique variation possible. Because of that we must always continue to try to grow new things."

Ivker notes that in the beginning the Hava imported new plants, mostly from European botanical gardens. "But in recent years we've looked for places where the climate is similar: South Africa, Australia, the American southwest and the drier areas of South America."

Thus, a walk through the garden, which contains between 800 and 1,000 different kinds of trees and shrubs - all suitably marked with their tongue-tripping Latin names - evokes faraway places and faraway dramas of nature, incongruous for a quiet 50-dunam plot of land just off the road to Hadara.

There is the *Koebeueria bipinnata* from China, a tree with beautiful yellow flowers that appear in late summer. In the fall, its fruit pods slowly change from pink to yellow to brown. Today, thanks to the Hava, it can be seen in many parts of the country.

Liquidambar formosa, not surprisingly from Formosa, is a pioneer at the Hava. A still smallish tree, it was



The Hava's secretary, Edna Berger, with daughter Eilat in the nursery. (Below) A back-scratcher for elephants.

DREAM IN GREEN

Erwin Frankel

planted from seed five years ago and remains the only one of its kind in Israel. Its leaves turn reddish in the fall, and the Hava gardeners are still trying to get cuttings for further propagation.

Or test your Latin and your imagination on *Pterospentum acerifolium*. A 10-year resident at the Hava, this is already a sizable tree that retains its large leaves throughout the year. Ivker points out that while it comes from humid regions in India, it has flourished at the Hava even though it has not been watered.

A tree whose mammoth name aptly reflects its mammoth size is *Entolobium cantorisilquum* from South America. Probably the entire membership of neighbouring Kfar Monash could gather under its shade for a picnic; and the convenient arrangement of its trunk and branches shows that whoever designed it had a soft spot for tree-houses and climbing children.

IVKER TAKES us from tree to tree, talking about each one as a distinct personality. He came to Israel from California in 1971 armed with a master's degree from the University of California and years of experience as a researcher and

teacher of biology. A small, wiry man with a weathered outdoor face, Ivker seems to know not only every tree, but every leaf.

In addition to the garden itself, the Hava also has a sizable nursery, where the acquisitions from abroad are first planted as seeds. In the nursery, the Hava greeners are trying to grow oak trees and the giant sequoia trees native to California. And in a hot-house they are propagating various types of junipers, a species which ranges from trees to creepers.

For 35 years this labour of love at the Hava was pursued under the canopy of the Ministry of Agriculture. But since the Hava's purpose was environmental, and not agricultural or commercial, it soon became a kind of stepchild. And for more than a decade the ministry tried to find a way to divest itself of the enterprise.

At each turn, however, it was blocked by an underground lobby of nature lovers. Until 1982. Then, a new director of the ministry's Volcani Institute, which had become the Hava's bureaucratic home, decided irrevocably that it had to go. The lobby persisted; action was delayed; but the Hava suffered as its demoralized handful of workers worried about their future.

FINALLY this year, one of the chief lobbyists, Israel's Landscape and



Sydney Ivker: cajoling plants to adjust.



Hanan Haber, greener of Kibbutz Tsora.



Yitzhak Stein: Zionism led to trees.

Gardening Association, came to the rescue. A non-profit organization which provides educational services to Israel's professional and amateur gardeners, the association decided to take over the Hava.

"How we will manage is not yet clear," says Hanan Haber, the secretary of the association. "We hope to get support from voluntary workers like retired people who love gardening, from schoolchildren and others."

Haber, a member of Kibbutz Tsora near Beit Shemesh, is a former South African. He came to gardening indirectly. When he immigrated in 1955 and joined Tsora he continued to pursue his craft of carpentry. But he was always troubled by the "unkempt look" of the kibbutz's public areas. After a stint as a *shaliach* in Durban in 1968, he came back to the kibbutz determined to change it.

"I persuaded the older gardener to work with me and in five years we transformed Tsora into a blooming

and green beauty-spot."

The Israel Gardeners' Association then asked him to become its secretary. After three years he returned to the kibbutz, but now he is back at the association doing a second stint as secretary.

The association engages in a wide range of activities on behalf of Israel's professional and amateur gardeners. It publishes two monthly magazines, *Gan Va'nof* for the professional and *Ginail* for the amateur, organizes courses, field trips and professional tours in Israel and abroad; and services its membership, which includes municipal gardening departments, settlements, public institutions and garden suppliers, through its advisory departments.

Now it has taken on the responsibility of maintaining Havat Ha'no'i. "We couldn't just let the ministry close it down," says Haber, a plaint strenuously echoed by Ivker.

For the present, the ministry has given Ivker permission to continue working at the Hava three days a week, and with his knowledge of every growing thing on the premises his presence is invaluable.

He has been joined by another greener, Yitzhak Stein, the former director in Israel of the South African Zionist Federation.

Stein quit his job six months ago. "I got fed up with the Zionist movement," he says simply. "It needs change. And since it won't change, I decided I needed a change."

An amateur gardener, Stein spoke to Haber about possibilities and Haber brought him to the Hava, where he now works full-time as a volunteer.

"To improve the quality of life in Israel, practical things must be done. The Gardeners' Association is doing practical things. I looked for an involvement."

That "involvement" now means the entire Hava. Bereft of the former

complement of Agriculture Ministry employees, Stein, with professional help from Ivker, has taken on single-handed the task of the park's maintenance.

He makes the rounds of the garden with only a slight limp. His foot was badly mangled in 1967, when the army half-track in which he was patrolling in the Gaza Strip went over a mine.

"I clean, I weed, I water, I pick up little pieces of paper. And I love it," he says.

Stein is also trying to help Haber raise money to keep the Hava going.

"We don't have a tractor and other basic equipment," he says. "And there is no proper irrigation system. We need something a bit sophisticated because of the varied requirements of the plants."

He is trying, too, to develop a systematic volunteer programme. There are some schools which may help. Recently, a class from an Arab school visited the Hava and the

teacher suggested that they might volunteer.

THE NURSERY, where seeds and cuttings from the garden or acquired from abroad are nurtured, can also be used to provide income to keep the Hava alive now that the ministry's support has been withdrawn. Haber plans to introduce more commercial items into the nursery to attract the public. Until now, for example, it has had no annuals in its large variety of offerings.

To preserve the purpose of the Hava, the nursery needs manpower to tend the young plants in the hot-house and outdoors.

Haber is hopeful that a combination of volunteering, donations for equipment and sales to the public will enable the Gardeners' Association to keep the whole place alive.

At the end of our tour of the nursery and the garden we stop at *Chorisia insignis*. Its trunk looks like a huge bottle covered with barnacles.

It derives from South America and bears bright yellow flowers. "We have succeeded in growing it along the coastal plain and even in the Arava," Ivker says proudly.

"What about the barnacles?" I ask, thinking silently, in deference to this committed greener, that nature always has a purpose.

"They're for the elephants," Ivker replies. "To scratch their backs."

But, with a laugh, he relents.

"If there were elephants in South America, they could scratch their backs on *Chorisia insignis*."

(The address of the Israel Landscape and Gardening Association is 8 Sderot Shaul Hanalech, Tel Aviv. Tel. 03-252171.)



Lithograph by Moshe Peres

"We kindle these lights on account of the miracles, the deliverances and the wonders which thou didst work for our fathers..." Service for Chanukah

"הַנִּרְוֹת הַלָּלוּ אֶנְקֵנוּ מִדְּלִיקוֹן עַל הַנְּסִים וְעַל הַתְּשׁוּעוֹת וְעַל הַנִּפְלְאוֹת שֶׁעָשִׂיתָ לְאַבוֹתֵינוּ..."

דוד יונתן

Onel/Karmon/Shirin/Ne'eman

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT

POST

PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

ALJ THE GALILEAN - El-Hakawati Theatre production about Palestinian identity. (Atatie, English translation available). (El-Hakawati, near intersection of Salah e-Din/Hakawati, tonight, tomorrow at 7 p.m.)

MARGUERITE AND FAUST - The eternal legend of Faust interpreted by Paul Silver and Clara Harris (in English). (Pargol, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

SOUL LAND - By the Epic Theatre of South Africa. A historical perspective of South Africa (in English). (Pargol, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

"TEHILA" - By Shai Agnon. Khan Theatre production. A combination of variegated Jerusalem characters. (Khan Theatre, tomorrow, Sunday, Wednesday, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

AKEIDA - Neve Zedek production. Two bearded fathers talk. (Neve Zedek, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

ALL MY SONS EXCEPT NAOMI - The Shores of Switzerland - Beit Leisn production. A satire on Israeli society. (Beit Leisn, tomorrow, Sunday, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

AMERICAN BUFFALO - By David Mamet. Beit Leisn production. A portrayal of people living on the borderline of the underworld. (Rehovot, Mofet, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS - By Neil Simon. Habimah production. Comedy and cynicism in the memoirs of Brooklyn in 1937. (Habimah, Large Hall, tomorrow at 6 and 9.15 p.m.; Sunday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE CHINESE KNIFE GRINDER - Yuval Theatre production. Tel Aviv, 1942, in the shadow of W.W.II. (Neve Zedek, tonight at 10 p.m.)

THE DANCE OF GENGHIS COHEN - Beit Leisn production. A Jew and a Nazi veteran in Germany in the Fifties. (Beit Leisn, Monday through Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

DANCE SCHOOL - By Nathan Zach. Cameri production. About various life experiences one goes through. (Tzavta, tomorrow, Tuesday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

EDMUND KEAN - Beit Leisn production. With Yossi Banai portraying the character of the 19th century British actor. (Beit Leisn, tonight at 9.30 p.m., tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

FRENCH ROULETTE - Cameri production. A comedy. (Cameri, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE INTELLECTUAL, THE WHORE AND THE CLOWN - Mini musical. Hasimtah production. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tomorrow at 8.45 p.m.)

INTIMACY - By Sartre. Hasimtah production. Two women friends and their complicated relations with men. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tonight at 11.15 p.m.)

DANCE

Jerusalem
INBAI DANCE THEATRE - Steps and Sounds. (Gerard Behar, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THE JERUSALEM DANCE THEATRE and **TAMARA MELNIK** - Works exploring Jewish themes. (Khan, today at 2 p.m.)

KARMON DANCE COMPANY - New dances based on works by Jewish composers. (Jerusalem Theatre, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

FLAMENCO - With a Spanish group plus guest

JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN - By Dalton Trumbo. Tzavta production. About a 20-year-old U.S. soldier who returns home wounded during W.W.I. (Tzavta, Monday at 9 p.m.)

KREUTZER SONATA - By Tchaikovsky. Beit Leisn production. A study of sex and jealousy. (Beit Leisn, Upper Cellar, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

LIES - Cameri production. About the friendship between two families. (Cameri, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

MEASURE FOR MEASURE - Comedy by Shakespeare produced by the Cameri Theatre. (Cameri, Sunday, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

NEGEV NOSTALGIA - Neve Zedek production. A war fable. (Neve Zedek Theatre, Monday through Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

PASADOBLA - Israeli play about a crazy night in a couple's life. Tzavta production. (Tzavta, tonight at 9.30 p.m.)

THE ROTTEN HOUR OF 6 - Tzavta production. Comedy in verse. (Beit Leisn, Upper Cellar, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

"SHEM" - The passions and struggles of 3 snail workers. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tomorrow at 10.30 p.m.)

SUMMER OF THE SEVENTEENTH DOLL - Produced by the ZOA House Drama Circle (in English). (ZOA House, 1 Frisch, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

WAR AT HOME - By James Duff. Habimah production. A U.S. soldier re-adjusting to life in Dallas after Vietnam. (Habimah, Small Hall, tomorrow through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

Haifa

ALL MY SONS EXCEPT NAOMI - See T.A. (Haifa Theatre, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

"BOTCHA" - Haifa Municipal Theatre production. A yeshiva student renounces religion jestingly. (Wadi Salib, tomorrow at 6 and 9 p.m., Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.; Theatre, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

"DOS REDL GOES ROUND AND ROUND" - By Shalom Aleichem (in Yiddish). (Haifa Theatre, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

GHIETTO - Haifa Municipal Theatre production. About a theatre group in the Vilna Ghetto. (Haifa Theatre, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

PASADOBLA - See T.A. (Haifa Theatre, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

Others

THE ELEPHANT MAN - Beersheba Municipal Theatre production. Based on a true story published by the protagonist's doctor in London in 1923. (Beersheba, Theatre, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

THE FRONT PAGE - Beersheba Municipal Theatre production. American comedy about the newspaper world. (Beersheba, Theatre, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

GHIETTO - See Haifa (Beersheba, Theatre, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

artist Dahlia Low. (Holon, Kiryat Shareit, tonight at 10 p.m.; Neve Zedek, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

INBAI DANCE THEATRE - (Neve Zedek, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

OHAD NAHARIN - Old and new works. With the Kibbutz Dance Company. (Tel Aviv Museum, Monday at 9 p.m.)

Material for publication must be at the Jerusalem Post offices in Jerusalem (in writing) on the Sunday morning of the week of publication.



Chuck Norris stars in the new Golant/Globus production, 'Missing in Action,' showing around the country this week.

FOR CHILDREN

Jerusalem

COMICAL CLOWNS - (Khan, Sunday at 11 a.m.)

DREAM - Puppet theatre for age 5 and above. (Beit Agnon, today, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

FESTIVE HANUKKA PARTY - Magiclan puppet show and more. (Semaiah Theatre, German Colony, Sunday at 3 p.m.)

HANSEL AND GRETEL - Puppet theatre for age 3 and above. (Train Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, Tuesday at 11 a.m., 4 p.m.)

THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO - Guided tours in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday, Wednesday at 2 p.m.)

THE KING AND THE MOON - Puppet theatre for age 4 and above. (Beit Agnon, Tuesday at 11 a.m.)

LEGENDS - Shadow puppet theatre for age 5 and above. (Train Theatre, tomorrow at 12.30 p.m., Sunday at 11 a.m., 4 p.m.)

SNOW WHITE - Puppet theatre for age 3 and above. (Train Theatre, Monday at 11 a.m.)

SONGS AND STORIES THAT I LOVED - Motti Barkan in a presentation of song, sound and theatre. For ages 5-12. (Khan, Tuesday at 11 a.m.)

"DOS REDL GOES ROUND AND ROUND" - By Shalom Aleichem (in Yiddish). (Haifa Theatre, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

GHIETTO - Haifa Municipal Theatre production. About a theatre group in the Vilna Ghetto. (Haifa Theatre, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

PASADOBLA - See T.A. (Haifa Theatre, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

OTHERS
THE ELEPHANT MAN - Beersheba Municipal Theatre production. Based on a true story published by the protagonist's doctor in London in 1923. (Beersheba, Theatre, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

THE FRONT PAGE - Beersheba Municipal Theatre production. American comedy about the newspaper world. (Beersheba, Theatre, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

GHIETTO - See Haifa (Beersheba, Theatre, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE CAMERATA TRIO - With Eli Hefetz, clarinet; Emanuel Gruber, cello; Michael Boguslavsky, piano. With guest artists. Programme of American music. (Jerusalem Theatre, Sunday)

CHRISTMAS CONCERT - Eli Freud, organ, harpsichord; Isaac Hershkov, violin. Works by Bach and others. (Finnish Church, 25 Shavei Israel, Sunday)

CHOIRS IN CONCERT - Foreign and local choirs sing classical, liturgical and folksongs. (Jerusalem Theatre, Tuesday)

MUSIC-LISTENING CIRCLE - Seminar Carmi-Giberman on Music - Art and Ritual. (Tzavta, Wednesday at 8 p.m.)

TWO FLUTES AND PIANO - Avner Burn, Ronan Eylon and Zohar Neuman. (Rubin Academy, Beit Hillel, 4 Balfour, Wednesday)

STORY-TELLING HOUR - For ages 4-6. (Hagel Museum, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

TRAINED ANIMALS - Puppet theatre for age 3 and above. (Train Theatre, Wednesday at 11 a.m., 4 p.m.; Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

THE WAY BEHIND THE SHADOW - Puppet theatre for ages 4-7. The story of a blind monster. (Beit Agnon, Monday at 11 a.m.)

WHO KNOWS THE MAN IN THE WALL? - Hebrew puppet show for ages 3-12. (Beit Agnon, Sunday, Wednesday at 11 a.m.)

WILD SWANS - By Hans Christian Andersen. Puppet theatre for age 8 and above. (Train Theatre, today at 11 a.m.)

ANIMALS - Songs and Stories. Age 4 and above. (Tel Aviv Museum, Tuesday at 11 a.m.)

"ATZU RATZU" - Songs and stories. (ZOA House, 1 Frisch, Tuesday at 11 a.m., 4 p.m.)

DREAM - (Beit Leisn, Upper Cellar, Sunday, Tuesday at 11 a.m.)

KIBBUTZ DANCE COMPANY - (Tel Aviv Museum, Monday at 4 p.m.)

KING SOLOMON'S LEGENDS - Theatre based on stories by Bialik. Ages 4-7. Tel Aviv Museum, Wednesday at 11 a.m.)

"ETNAHTA" - Yaira Tal, piano. Works by Satie, Poulenc, Guboe, Hester. (YMCA, Thursday at 4 p.m.)

TEL AVIV AREA
MORNING OF BACH - Concerts 1-4. With well-known musicians. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

REHOVOT CHAMBER ORCHESTRA - Conductor Avner Burn. Soloist Mira Zakai, alto. With the Yehuda Weizmann Choir. Works by Corelli, Bach, Elgar, Mozart. (Rehovot, Artovitz Hall, tomorrow)

CHRISTMAS CONCERT - With Jerusalem Madrigal. (Old Jaffa, Immanuel Church, 9 Beer Hoffman, tomorrow)

THEATRICAL CONCERT - Adi Etzion, soprano; Menachem Wiesenberg, piano. Works by Kurt Weill, Brecht and others. (Tel Aviv Museum, tomorrow)

THE ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA - Conductor Raymond Leppard. Soloist Alan Waisenberg, piano. Works by Elgar, Prokofiev, Rachmaninoff. (Mann Auditorium, tomorrow through Monday)

VIOLIN RECITAL - Nelli Shkudnikova. Works by Bach, Beethoven, Prokofiev. (Tel Aviv Museum, Tuesday)

FESTIVE CONCERT - The Israel Sinfonietta Beersheba. Conductor Meni Rodan. Soloist Naima Tadmor, piano. Works by Elgar, Beethoven. (Tel Aviv Museum Wednesday)

TWO-PART PROGRAMME - Reuven Hod, tenor. Works by Van Uyl, Luciano Berio and others. (Tel Aviv Museum, Thursday at 9.30 p.m.)

CHRISTMAS CHAIR ASSEMBLY - Chorus from the U.S., France, Belgium, plus local choir in a liturgical selection. (Bethlehem, Manger Square, Monday)

CONCERT - Clarinets, horn, piano. Works by Mozart, Gershwin, Schumann, Reinecke. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.)

SINGERS OF PRAISE CHOIR - Works by Bach, Handel, Praetorius, songs of Nativity. (Latin School Auditorium, Ramat Hasharon, tomorrow at 7.30 p.m.)

"PANTO" - Hanoah Rozenne. (Habimah, Sunday through Tuesday at 11.30 a.m., 2.30 and 4.30 p.m.)

PANTOMIME - With Yoram Boker. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, Monday at 11 a.m.)

PRETTY BUTTERFLY - Entertainment from the TV series. Ages 3-6. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tomorrow, Sunday at 11 a.m.)

THE PRINCESS WHO DIDN'T LAUGH - A legend. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tomorrow at 12.30 p.m.; Tuesday at 11 a.m.)

SNOW WHITE - (Old Jaffa, El Hamam, Wednesday at 11 a.m.)

SONGS AND STORIES THAT I LOVED - (Beit Leisn, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

Haifa
MUSICAL MUSEUM - A musical tour through the museum. (Haifa Museum, Tuesday, Wednesday at 11 a.m.)

SEVEN IN ONE GO - (Haifa Theatre, today at 10 a.m.)

OTHERS
PETER AND THE WOLF - With the Netanya Orchestra. (Netanya, Sharon Cinema, Sunday at 3.30 p.m.)

HARP RECITAL - Efrat Lavry-Zakied. (Haifa Museum, tomorrow)

THE ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA - See T.A. (Haifa Auditorium, Tuesday through Thursday)

OTHERS
PIANO AND SOPRANO RECITAL - Ofra Simon and Hadasah Ben-Haim. Works by Brahms, Wolf, Barber, Amner, Paul Ben-Haim. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, tonight at 10 p.m.)

THE ISRAEL SINFONIETTA, BEERSHEBA - Conductor Christopher Seaman. With the Israel Trio: Alexander Volkov, piano; Menachem Biezer, violin; Marcel Bergman, cello. Works by Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Elgar, Mozart. (Beersheba, Conservatorium, tomorrow)

CONCERT - Clarinets, horn, piano. Works by Mozart, Gershwin, Schumann, Reinecke. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.)

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Rabbi Grossman of Migdal Ha'emek takes a walk in the country near New York (Paysach Krohn, U.S.). (Right) Entrance to the Jewish cemetery in Kuzgunkuk (Izzet Keribar, Turkey).



(Above) Jewish refugees from Kurdistan (Moshe Shapiro, U.S.). (Below left) Cemetery in Szydlowiec (Gustav Russ, Poland). (Right) Learning Hebrew in Buenos Aires (Reuven Shilansky, Israel).



CHOSEN PICTURES

THE EXHIBITION entitled "The Jewish Heritage in the Eye of the Camera," which has just opened at Beth Hatefutsoth in Tel Aviv, is the outcome of the museum's second worldwide competition for amateur photographers, organized in cooperation with The Jerusalem Post.

The contest, designed to document all aspects of Jewish life in the Diaspora, attracted entries from 20 countries. Many of the contestants submitted not only photos from their own communities but scenes they had shot on their travels in faraway countries such as Afghanistan, Ethiopia and Cochiti.

The winners were Moshe Shapiro of California, who has served as a Jewish Agency emissary in Iran, Pinchas Henenberg of Australia, and two non-Jewish women who shared the third prize - Monika Krajenska and Barbara Schwedler, from Poland and Germany, respectively. The 160 photos on show will become part of the museum's permanent collection when the exhibition closes in March.



JERUSALEM Cinemas

CINEMA 1

Fr., Dec. 21
Double feature / 1 ticket
STAR WARS 2.30
KING KONG 4.30
Sat. Dec. 22
TOM SAWYER 6
BREATHLESS 7.30
EMANUELLE 9.30
See daily listing for weekday films

BEIT AGRON

Morris Schaver Auditorium
4th week
George Orwell's
1984

RICHARD BURTON in his best
screen performance
JOHN HURT
Sat. 7.9
ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER
Sun.-Thur. 3.30

EDEN

2nd week
MISSING IN
ACTION

Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4.7, 9
Tickets: Sun., Wed. 15850

EDISON

4th week
WOMAN IN RED

Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4.7, 9
Tickets: Sun., Wed. 15850

HABIRA

OUR MAN FROM
BOND STREET

Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4.7, 9
Tickets: Sun., Wed. 15850

ISRAEL MUSEUM

Sun., Mon., Tue. 11.30; Wed.
Thur. 3.30

CINDERELLA

Tue. 6.30
GREGORY'S GIRL

KFR

2nd week
BROADWAY
DANNY ROSE

Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4.7, 9
Tickets: Sun., Wed. 15850

MITCHELL

2nd week
CARMEN

Sat. and weekdays 6.30, 9.15
Sun. and Wed. 15850

ORGIL

5th week
SPLASH

Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4.7, 9
Tickets: Sun., Wed. 15850

ORION

5th week
GHOST BUSTERS

They're Here to Save the World
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4.7, 9
Sun.-Thur. at 10.30 a.m.: 15850

ORNA

2nd week
TIGHTROPE

Sat. and weekdays 6.45, 9
Mat. 4.00
RAGE AND GLORY
Tickets: 15850 (mat.)

RON

13th week
BEYOND
THE WALLS

Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4.7, 9

SEMADAR 3rd week

A SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY

Sat. and Weekdays 7.15, 9.15

SMALL AUDITORIUM BINYENI HA'UMA

The Marx Bros.
HORSE FEATHERS

Sat. and Weekdays 7.9
Tickets: Sun., Wed. 15850

TEL AVIV Cinemas

ALLENBY

MAD MISSION III
("Our Man From Bond Street")

Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

BEN-YEHUDA

8th week
WOMAN IN RED

Tonight 10.12
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 11 a.m.: 2
TARZAN ESCAPES
(half price)

BETH HATEUTSOH

Tue. 8.30
RABBI ABRAHAM
IN
THE WILD WEST

CHEN 1

2nd week
TIGHT ROPE

Fri. 9.30 p.m., 12.15 p.m.
Sat. 7.20, 9.40
Weekdays 4.40, 7.20, 9.40

CHEN 2

9th week
REUBEN REUBEN

Tonight 10.12, 12.15
Sat. 7.20, 9.40
Weekdays 4.45, 7.20, 9.40

CHEN 3

2nd week
20,000 LEAGUES
UNDER THE SEA

Tonight 9.45
Sat. 7.15
Weekdays 4.35, 7.15

CHEN 4

4th week
ROMANCING THE
STONE

Tonight 9.50, 12.15
Sat. 7.20, 9.45
Weekdays 11.2, 4.40, 7.20, 9.45

CHEN 5

4th week
SPLASH

Tonight 9.50, 12.20
Sat. 11.2, 4.40, 7.20, 9.45
Weekdays 11.2, 4.40, 7.20, 9.45

CINEMA ONE

Tonight 10 only
PRIVATE SCHOOL

Sat. 8, weekdays 4, 8
GONE WITH
THE WIND

Weekdays 11 a.m.: FOOTLOOSE

CINEMA TWO

2nd week
NATIONAL
LAMP-ON-
ANIMAL HOUSE

Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.9, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.9, 9.30
Weekdays 11 a.m.: Private Popolare

DEKEL

4th week
TROUBLE IN
PARADISE

Sat. and weekdays 7.30, 9.30

DRIVE-IN

Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

HIGH ROAD

FIGHTERS

Sat. and weekdays 5.30
TARZAN ESCAPES

ESTHER

2nd week
ELECTRIC
DREAMS

Tonight 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

GAT

7th week
CARMEN

by Georges Bizet
Directed by Francesco Rosi
* JULIA MIGNES
* PLACIDO DOMINGO
Sat. 6.30, 9.30
Weekdays 5.30, 6.30, 9.30

GORDON GITTIL

87 Ben Yehuda, Tel. 244373

LEVI

13th week
BEYOND
THE WALLS

Tonight 9.30, 11.30
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 1.45, 4.45, 7.15, 9.30

LEV II

8th week
DUTY FREE
MARRIAGE

Tonight 9.30, 11.30
Sat. 7.20, 9.30
Weekdays 1.45, 5.30, 9.40

HOD

11th week
TOP SECRET

Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

LIMOR

4th week
HIGH ROAD
FIGHTERS

Tonight 10, 12
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.30, 9.30

MAXIM

5th week
ZIGZAG
STORY

Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

MOGRABI

5th week
GHOST BUSTERS

Tonight 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ONLY

4th week
THE BOUNTY

Sat. 7.9, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.9, 9.30
Weekdays 11 a.m.: 2
LASSIE COME HOME

PARIS

6th week
ATALIA

Tonight: 10, 12 Midnight
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 12.2, 4.7, 9.30, 9.30

PEER

3rd week
LASSITER

At 11 a.m.
* TOM SELLECK
* JANE SEYMOUR
* LAUREN HUTTON
Tonight 10
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

SHAHAF

2nd week
BROADWAY
DANNY ROSE

Tonight 10, 12
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 8.30

STUDIO

6th week
KARATE KID

Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TAMUZ

Cinema Ramat Aviv
Tel. 412761

TEL AVIV

2nd week
MISSING
IN ACTION

Tonight 2.15, 10, 12 midnight
Sat. 5.7, 12.30
Mon. 7.15, 9.30
Tue., Wed., Thur. 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
Sat. 11 a.m.: THE KING AND
MR. BIRD

TEL AVIV MUSEUM

7th week
LOS SANTOS
INOCENTES

Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.30, 9.30

ZAFON

10th week
PARIS, TEXAS

Tonight 10
Sat. 6.45, 9.30
Weekdays 4.45, 6.45, 9.30

HAIFA Cinemas

AMPHITHEATRE

2nd week
CONAN THE
DESTROYER

Sat. 7.9, 9.15
Weekdays 4.45, 9

ARMON

5th week
GHOST BUSTERS

They are here to save the world
* DAN AYCKROYD
* BILL MURRAY
Sat. 7.9, 9.15
Weekdays 11 a.m.: 4, 6.45, 9

ATZMON

* SYLVESTER STALLONE
* DAVID CARRADINE
in a smashing adventure
LES SEIGNEURS
DE LA ROUTE

Sat. 7.9, 9.15
Weekdays 4.7, 9

BET ABBA KHOSHLY

At 11 a.m.
THE KING AND
MR. BIRD

GREGORY'S GIRL

CHEN

BEYOND THE WALLS

Sat. 7.9, 9.15
Weekdays 4.45, 9

MORIAN

Fri., Sat. and weekdays
11 a.m.: HEIDI
with magician and prizes
5 p.m.: BREAKDANCE
7.9: ATALIA
Soon: WOMAN IN RED

ORAH

7th and last week
WOMAN
IN RED

A terrific comedy
* KELLY LE BROOK
* GENE WILDER
Sat. 7.9, 9.15
Weekdays 4.45, 9

ONLY

Haifa Premiere
REUBEN REUBEN

Sat. and weekdays 6.45, 9
Fri. 11 a.m., 3.30 p.m.
Sun.-Wed. 11 a.m., 4 p.m.
20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA

PEER

2nd week
THE KARATE
KID

Sat. 7.9, 9.15
Weekdays 4.45, 9

RON

2nd week
MISSING
IN ACTION

* CHUCK NORRIS
Sat. 7.9, 9.15
Weekdays 4.45, 9

SHAVIT

3rd week
1984

Sat. and weekdays 7.9
Mat. 5
THE KING AND
MR. BIRD

RAMAT GAN Cinemas

ARMON

2nd week
TIGHTROPE

Tonight 10
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 8.30

MARY POPPINS

Fri., Sun.-Wed. 11 a.m., 4 p.m.

LILY

7th week
WOMAN
IN RED

Tonight 10
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

OASIS

5th week
GHOST BUSTERS

Tonight 10
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 11.40, 7.15, 9.30
Thur. 11 a.m.

ORDEA

3rd week
TOP SECRET

Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

RAMAT GAN

2nd week
KARATE KID

Sat. 7.9, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.9, 9.30
Sun.-Wed. 11 a.m.

Herzliya Cinemas

DAVID

2nd week
SPLASH

Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
11 a.m.: THE UGLY DACHSHUND

HECHAL

2nd week
MISSING
IN ACTION

Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

LASSIE COME HOME

Weekdays 11.40, 4.30 (half price)

TIFERET

2nd week
ZIGZAG
STORY

* KATHERINE TURNER
* MICHAEL DOUGLAS
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.15
Sun.-Wed. 4 p.m.

HOLON Cinemas

MIGDAL

2nd week
TIGHTROPE

Tonight 10
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30
4.30: THAT DARN CAT

SAVOY

6th week
WOMAN IN RED

Tonight 10
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

TARZAN ESCAPES

Sat. 11 a.m.
Weekdays 11.45, 4.30 p.m.

BAT YAM CINEMA

ATZMAUT
MISSING
IN ACTION

Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

(Continued from page A)

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

ADVENTURES IN JAZZ - With well-known
musicians. (Pargod, today at 1.30 p.m.,
Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

BECAUSE OF THE NIGHT - Solo show with
Hava Alberstein. (Jerusalem Theatre, tomor-
row at 8.30 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM - Stor-
ies by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in
English. (Hilton, tonight at 9.30 p.m., King
David, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

JAZZ - Freddie Weisgal, piano; Eric Heller,
bass; Saul Gladstone, trumpet. (American
Colony Hotel, Nabulus Rd., Thursday at 9 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAYE MALKA - Festive
Hemika concert. (Israel Center, 10 Strass,
tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAYE MALKA - With new
Diapora Yeshiva Band. (Mt. Zion Centre,
tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

PANTOMIME PROGRAMME - Shimon
Aplavsky. (Tzavta, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

THE TAVERNERS - American and Irish folk
music, country music, jazz. (Pargod, Thursday
at 9.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

(Continued from page C)
 cated notions which he uses to conceal his acute angst.

WITH THE perception of a real artist, he seems more and more to realize that simplicity is the final state of complexity. Watching *Broadway Danny Rose*, I was reminded of Luis Buñuel's story about how he would spend hours on end with his cameraman, Gabriel Figueroa, lining up a complicated shot, in order to decide at the last moment that the best thing would be to place the camera where it would best see what was going on, and leave it at that. Or of Billy Wilder's observation that the best film direction isn't at all.

For Woody Allen makes this film look perfectly simple. It is a story told in an old-fashioned way, fluid, amusing, intelligent, sensitive. He has overcome by now any problems he might have had with dramatic construction, and does not stop in mid-course to remind us how funny he can be. So this film may have less belly laughs than his earlier ones. Yet, when he has to wriggle himself free of the ropes attaching him to Mia Farrow, it is still pretty funny.

He is helped by a marvellous cast, beginning with his spouse, Mia Farrow, who plays the blonde, and hides under a peroxide coiffure and behind dark glasses, but provides valiant support.

Apollo "Nick" Forte, as the ace

up Danny's sleeve, manages to be ridiculous yet believable and human. Cameraman Gordon Willis—yes, it's him again—looks through his lenses at New York as if it were a studio set, and reinforces that impression of a story set mid-way between fact and fiction which brings us back to Runyon, who picked his heroes off the streets, but raised them to a higher status than reality in his writing.

Broadway Danny Rose is an extension of *Zelig* in this, for it also deals with the thin line separating fact from imagination, documentary from fiction. It's true that *Zelig* was a much more complex piece, with its intricate combination of newsreels and modern inserts blended to perfection, and raised many questions not always explored in the present film, such as the nature of cinema. On the other hand, the Woody Allen basic ingredients are evident as ever: the man who wants to be like the others, but can't be; the loser who wants to rationalize his position but is entangled in his own arguments; the Jew always in love with the fair Wasp; the loser who won't abandon his cherished hang-ups, and persists in his belief that they are not hang-ups at all but lofty character-traits. Who knows, maybe he is right.

SOMEHOW in covering more recent films, I neglected to mention the release of *Trouble in Paradise*. This almost antique item, made in

1932, is quite possibly the only film that can challenge Woody Allen's supremacy at the moment. In a letter to Herman Weinberg, his biographer, Ernst Lubitsch, who directed it, conceded that, stylistically, he has never done anything better. When one considers that Lubitsch was one of the greatest of film stylists, and that his "Lubitsch touch" was envied by directors everywhere, that's quite a feat.

Unlike Woody Allen, whose humour is still mainly verbal, and who is still trying to find a way to make the camera more than just an instrument registering his art, Lubitsch is one of the great inventors of a film language. His visual style is the essence of elegance and subtlety. His films exposed to the audience the tip of an iceberg; the enormous mass hidden beneath was implied. The audience was allowed to fill in details with its imagination. The spoken word in his films has never been more than one factor among many, which included camera, editing, music, sets and so on. Only Billy Wilder, in his finer moments, has reached the same degree of perfection.

Trouble in Paradise is based on a Hungarian play which Lubitsch himself would describe as "irrelevant." It is a story about two charming crooks, who set out to fleece a rich widow of her millions. Cupid takes a hand in the plot, for the widow is pretty and cheerful, and the crook

who becomes her secretary-adviser almost changes his mind about his lust. But greed is stronger than lust, and simple wisdom dictates that crooks should stay in league with crooks, for it's only then they can be honest with each other.

The plot itself is just a peg on which Lubitsch hangs his marvellous inventions, which are interpreted superbly by a cast trained in light comedy: Herbert Marshall and Miriam Hopkins, as the two crooks; Kay Francis as the rich widow; and Edward Everett Horton as a befuddled millionaire courting the widow.

Take the first scene: night in Venice. Or, to be more exact, dark on a movie set showing a corner of Venice. A gondola arrives. The municipal sanitary service is here to pick up the trash, and the gondolier is melodiously singing "O Sole Mio." Just consider the incongruities: it's night and he's singing about the sun, and the gondolier, the eternal symbol of romantic moonlit nights, is used for refuse. One shot and Lubitsch has already put us in the right place, the right mood, and the right frame of mind.

Next shot: Edward Everett Horton lies, unconscious, on the floor. He has been robbed. The camera goes out the window, turns the corner of the building, moves to another floor, enters a different room in the same building, which turns out to be a hotel. On the terrace, an elegant gentleman, a count, is giving instruc-

tions to the maître d'hôtel. He is about to receive the visit of a beautiful lady, and he wants everything perfect. He asks for champagne and for caviar, and a refined dinner, everything has to be just right. The maître d'hôtel notes every detail in his book. Including the instruction that the moon should be up there, in the sky, at exactly the same spot it is now. Then, while the gentleman is gazing romantically into the dark waters of the canal, he surreptitiously removes a leaf of a tree which stands just outside the terrace and which has lodged on the count's perfectly cut jacket. Nothing is said, but it is obvious, from the previous movement of the camera, and the succeeding leaf, that the respectable gentleman has had more than a little to do with the robbery, and that he has entered his room via terrace and tree.

For the next 80 minutes one felicitous invention follows another. Smooth, perfect, never one false step. So don't let the picture's age scare you away, don't be misled by the dated modes, or by actors whose names you may have never heard before, or have long forgotten. There aren't many chances to see films like this nowadays, outside the cinematheques, and the prints shown here usually bear the unpleasant warning that the institution is not responsible for their quality. Here, the institution is responsible, thank God.



Rome letter

Joan Borsten

SEVEN YEARS after she burst upon the international scene with *Seven Beauties*, a terrifying vision of life and death in a Nazi concentration camp, director Lina Wertmüller has returned to the theme of Jews and Jewish survival.

Alvise's Head, which Wertmüller has just finished scripting with Ennio de Concini (*Divorce Italian Style*), is set to go before cameras in 1985 as an Israeli-Italian co-production under the banner of Rome's Arturo La Penna. The film will trace, over four decades, the love-hate relationship of Sammy and Alvise, two Jews, one Italian, the other American, from Rome to a German concentration camp, New York, Israel and Morocco.

Wertmüller originally wrote *Alvise's Head* as a novel, her first. Published three years ago by William Morrow, it has already been translated into 13 languages.

"I have never been able to forget the horror of what happened to the Jews during World War II," said Wertmüller, 56, an Italian of Swiss origin. "I was very young when I found out, but old enough to be shocked. I have yet to come to terms with that terrible story."

"I also have many Jewish friends who spent time in concentration camps, among them Bill Graham [the rock music impresario]. Their stories in part inspired *Alvise's Head*, which is more than the story of two friends. Alvise is the symbol of the old Jewish culture which has profound values, and Sammy is the contemporary shallow, consumer-oriented American Jew. On a more universal level, I feel that there is a part of both Sammy and Alvise in all of us, and that we each have in our own lives a Sammy and an Alvise."

Twenty-one years ago Wertmüller offered the story to Woody Allen. "He was interested," she said, interviewed in her Rome penthouse, where part of the decoration is supplied by her husband Enrico Job's surrealist sculpture and art. "But we were both too busy to begin a collaboration. By the time we weren't, he was only directing his own scripts."

Wertmüller recently returned from Munich, where the Germans honoured her with a retrospective and the controversial *Seven Beauties* found a local distributor for the first time. Before beginning *Alvise's Head*, she will direct an Italian-language feature in Naples.

"WHY DON'T YOU take a lesson from the Israelis—they certainly know how to treat a foreign film company," Paul Smith (*Midnight Express*, *Popeye*) advised Moroccan journalists at a steamy, six-hour press conference.

Mentioning Israel might not have shown much political savvy, but the two metre-plus, 160-kilo actor was angry. Moroccan officials had refused to release from customs half of the building equipment and props shipped to Fez by producer Seraphim Karolexis for his new \$2.5m. action picture *Protection in Morocco*.

"Worse," fumed Smith, who did the lead for nothing as a favour to his friend Karolexis, "you needed official permission from three or four different people to shoot anywhere. Once they okayed our application to film in a museum, but when we arrived with the props—three chairs and a desk—we were refused entry because we didn't have permission to bring furniture down a walkway."

Smith could afford to be generous to Karolexis because he already has four major pictures under his belt this year: *XYZ Murders*, *Texas Snowline*, *Jungle Warriors* and *Dune*. The latter won him membership in what is known locally as the "De Laurentiis family," for whom he's now doing *Red Sonja* in

Rome. This, directed by Richard Fleischer, marks Dino de Laurentiis' return to the Italian cinema scene.

Costumed like a Samurai, Smith plays Falcon, comic bodyguard of the young prince Tarn, whose kingdom has been destroyed by Gedren (Sandra Berger). The wicked queen has also killed the family of Red Sonja, played by the towering Nordic newcomer, Brigitte Nielsson. A vision appears to Sonja, giving her the power to defeat Gedren and her henchman Ikol (Ron Lacy of *Raiders of the Lost Ark*), as long as she never gives herself to any man she can defeat in battle.

Smith, reportedly one of the dozen strongest men in the world, showed off his prowess recently on Rome's Via Veneto, cheered on by Italians who lined both sides of the famous boulevard. When the driver of one of the tiny Fiats which weave in and out of traffic not only almost hit Smith, but also verbally insulted him, the giant simply reached down, turned the car over, and walked on.

Federico Fellini's new \$18m. feature, *Fred and Ginger* begins production in January, and plans for the pop music video he wanted to do with Boy George have been put on ice. But his first television commercial, shot in the form of a "train trip fantasy," recently premiered on Italian Television. Two spots, one 30 and one 60 seconds long, advertise the benefits of drinking the aperitif, Bitter Campari.

Until now, Fellini has been alone in refusing to make commercials. For the past 20 years his colleagues—from Michelangelo Antonioni to Franco Zeffirelli, Lina Wertmüller, the Taviani brothers, and Luigi Comencini—have been creatively selling beer, soap, furs, and railroad travel. Initially a way to make money during the film industry's occasional periods of crisis, stimulating consumerism has become so chic in recent years that not long ago the Venice Film Festival organized, as a spoof, a salute to the TV commercials directed by the country's top film makers.

(By arrangement with the Los Angeles Times Calendar.)

This Week in Israel • The Leading Tourist Guide • This Week

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 S-3 3 days, every Tuesday \$135
 S-4 4 days, every Friday \$235
 S-5 5 days, every Monday \$365
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 153 Hayarkon St., Tel Aviv, Tel. (03) 283120, 282610 - or your travel agent

Cinematheque

DECEMBER 21 TO DECEMBER 28
 Fri. at 2 pm: *Le Bal* Dir.: E. Scala
 Sat. at 7:30 pm: *Trading Places*
 9:30 pm: *Naranyana - Busht Ko*
 Sun. at 7 pm: *A Blind in Love*
 Dir.: Miles Forman
 9:30 pm: *Une Femme est une Femme* Dir.: Jean-Luc Godard
 Mon. at 4 pm: *Raiders of the Lost Ark* Dir.: Steven Spielberg
 7 pm: *Excelsior* Dir.: J. Boorman
 9 pm: small hall *Barvento*
 9:30 pm: *All Quiet on the Western Front* Dir.: Lewis Milestone
 Tues. at 4 pm: *Maya, the Bee*
 7 pm: *All Quiet on the Western Front*
 9 pm: small hall *Front Page*
 Dir.: Lewis Milestone
 9:30 pm: *Intimate Story* (Israel '81)
 Wed. at 7 pm: *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*
 9 pm: small hall *Big Girl Friday*
 9:30 pm: *Get People*
 Dir.: Paul Schrader
 Thurs. at 7 pm: *Front Page*
 Dir.: Billy Wilder
 9 pm: small hall *Une Vie*
 9:30 pm: *Peeping Toms* (Israel '72)
 midnight: *The Howling*
 Fri. at 2 pm: *Educating Rita*
 Screening at the Cinematheque
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 Tues., Thurs. 10 am - 7 pm
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This Week in Israel - The Jerusalem Museums

this week at the israel museum jerusalem

EXHIBITIONS

THE ARMAND HAMMER COLLECTION - FIVE CENTURIES OF MASTERPIECES (Florentine Pavilion). Until January 6, 1985.
Special Visiting Arrangements:
1. Special Hanukkah Visiting Hours - Sun., Dec. 23, Mon., Dec. 24 & Wed., Dec. 26, 10.00-20.00; Tues., Dec. 25, 10.00-22.00; Thurs., Dec. 27, 10.00-17.00; Fri., 10.00-14.00; Sat., 9.00-18.00.
2. Visitors are advised to purchase tickets for Saturday in advance at the Museum or at the ticket agencies.
3. Groups and classes must reserve a visiting time in advance by phone (02) 696276.
A Vanished World: Roman Vishniac, Photographs - Documentary photographs taken in Eastern Europe between 1934 and 1939 (Goldman-Schwarz Hall).
Permanent Exhibition of Miniature Rooms (Ruth Youth Wing).
Elihu Glat - landscape paintings.
Moshe Kupferman: Paintings, Works on Paper. Until Dec. 27.
Meet the Israeli Artist - for children. Artists present in the gallery Tues. 17.30-18.00 and Wed. 10.30-12.00. (Ruth Youth Wing, courtesy of Dr. and Mrs. Salick, Los Angeles).
Scrap - greeting cards and theatre sets (Ruth Youth Wing).
Permanent Collection of Judaica, Art, and Archaeology
AT THE ROCKEFELLER MUSEUM
Egypt: The Other Side of the River - funerary objects from Ancient Egypt.

EVENTS

CONCERT
Saturday, December 22 at 20.30
HAIM ALEXANDER PRESENTS SCHUBERT
with Gila Grossmeyer, soprano; Zohar Neuman, piano; Yehuda Schryer, guitar.
LECTURE
Sun., December 23 at 20.30
PERSONAL AND JEWISH CONTENT IN THE WORK OF CHAGALL
Dr. Mire Friedman.
CHILDREN'S FILM
Fri., Dec. 21 at 11.00; Sun., Mon., & Tues., Dec. 23, 24 & 25 at 11.00 & 15.30; Wed., Dec. 26 and Thurs., Dec. 27 at 15.30
CINDERELLA (Walt Disney).
FILM
Tues., Dec. 25 at 18.00 & 20.30; Sat., Dec. 29 at 20.30
THE CHOSEN (U.S.A. 1981) with Rod Steiger and Maximilian Schell.
SENIOR CITIZENS' FILM
Wed., Dec. 26 at 11.00
PROFILE OF AN ARTIST - MOSHE KASTEL (produced by Israel Film Service). Courtesy of Mr. & Mrs. Simon Bond & Mr. Curtis Katz.
SYMPOSIUM
Wednesday, December 28 at 20.00
SYMPOSIUM IN MEMORY OF THE LATE PROFESSOR Y. YADIN
"Cultural Interconnections of Early Bronze Palestinian Glyptic Art".
"The Bottle of Lachish at 701 B.C.E.", and "The Dead Sea Scrolls and a Great Famine at the Time of the Second Commonwealth".
SPECIAL EVENT
Thursday, December 27 at 19.45
"ROOTS" - Jewish Heritage and Theatre - themes and motifs in Jewish heritage and their influence on Israeli theatre.

RUTH-YOUTH WING
For Hanukkah:
1. Activities over the Youth Wing: Dec. 23, 24 & 26, 10.00-17.00; Dec. 21 10.00-13.00; Dec. 26, 10.00-18.00.
2. An advanced sculpture marathon: Dec. 23-26, 8.00-13.00. For reservations please call (02) 633276.

GUIDED TOURS IN ENGLISH
Museum: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., Fri. at 11.00; also Sun. at 15.00; Tues. at 18.00.
Archaeology Gallery: Special Tour: Monday at 16.00.
Shrine of the Book - Special Tour: Tuesday at 16.00.
Judaica and Ethnography Galleries: Thursday at 16.00.
Rockefeller Museum - Special Tour: Friday at 11.00.

VISITING HOURS
Special visiting hours for Hanukkah: Tues., Dec. 26, 10.00-22.00.
Museum: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., 10.00-17.00; Tues., 10.00-22.00 (Shrine 10.00-22.00); Fri. & Sat. 10.00-14.00.
Library: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Tues. 10.00-20.00.
Graphic Study Room: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11.00-13.00; Tues. 10.00-20.00.
Department of Travelling Exhibitions: Sun., Thurs. 9.30-13.00; Tues. 13.00-17.00.
Rockefeller Museum: Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Fri. & Sat. 10.00-14.00.
Tisha House Gallery: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-19.30; Tues. 10.00-22.00; Fri. 10.00-13.30.
Garden Cafe: Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-midnight; Fri. 10.00-18.00; Sat. closed.

Author Eyal Yitzhak Fri., December 21, 10.00-16.00 (not including Shrine of the Book) at the Museum and at the Kfar Vitkin Library.

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HANUKKA - the Feast of Lights which generally coincides with Christmas - is traditionally a time for all kinds of musical activities.

The composition workshop which the Italian avant-garde composer Luciano Berio has been holding this week at the Jerusalem Music Centre will climax at the Zionist Confederation House in Yemin Moshe late tomorrow afternoon with a recital of 34 duets for two violins. They will be performed under the direction of the composer by some 20 young members of the chamber music group that works throughout the year under the leadership of Haim Taub, sponsored by the Music Centre, the America-Israel Cultural Foundation and the Rubin Academy.

The Academy and the Music Centre are also the venues of master classes being held by Madame Vera Rozsa (until December 26) and Prof. Menahem Pressler (December 27-January 4). Both are well known in artistic and educational circles here for their previous classes.

Madame Rozsa, who comes from London, is an authority on voice production and vocal interpretation. Menahem Pressler has been on the faculty of the University of Indiana in Bloomington for almost 30 years and is now Distinguished Professor of Piano. He gives many solo performances and is also the pianist and leader of the famous Beaux Arts Trio, which celebrates its 30th anniversary next July. An appearance by Pressler with one of our prestigious orchestras or a recital by him is long overdue. Why does nobody take the initiative?

This Sunday (December 23), the Zionist Confederation House will host a workshop arranged by the Reganot Jewish Music Institute. From 1 p.m. to 4 p.m., Yehuda Kedari will discuss his system of teaching Bible cantillation (*le-mel ha-mikra*), and from 5.00 to 9.30, methods of transcribing Jewish traditional musical material and their use in serious composition will be demonstrated and discussed by a panel including Prof. Andre Hajdu, Elhan Avigur, Israel Edelson, Ben-Zion Solomon, and the "Klezmer-It".

THE YOUTH VILLAGE, Hadassim, has established a Hanukkah tradition of a gathering of young

Traditions

MUSIC & MUSICIANS
Yohanan Boehm

people for intensive practice in music and dance. This year there are some innovations. For the first time, a selected choir of 50 youngsters from all over the country will start training under Steve Sloan, while another 30 will be led by Yossi Marham in the group singing of folk songs and popular tunes.

Regular features include the 60 members of the National Youth Band, directed by Prof. Jimmy Reynolds, and the National Youth String Orchestra, Prof. Robert Klotman, of the University of Indiana in Bloomington. Some 70 dancers are spending a whole week keeping their feet nimble and their bodies elastic.

The Hadassim seminar has been organized by Matan, the joint undertaking of the Ministry of Education and Culture, *Omanut La'am*, The Community Centres Association and the Music Foundation, U.S.A. The last-named has underwritten the bulk of the budget for the programme.

The Israel Band Federation will hold its general meeting at Hadassim on Monday, listening to reports and lectures and watching rehearsals going on at the campus.

HANUKKA has also been chosen by two youth bands to celebrate important birthdays. On December 26 the Beersheba Youth Band is having a 20th birthday gathering of former members, and on the same evening the Acre Band will be having a festive 25th anniversary concert.

The Haifa Youth Band is the oldest in the country, having been established in 1958; the Jerusalem and Kfarit Ono bands are not much younger, but the first attempt to form a youth band in the State of Israel appears to have been undertaken by some Yekkes in Nahariya in the late '50s. They used to sell old newspapers to buy Schenker, a cross between an oboe and a clarinet, the instrument used by workers' bands in pre-Hitler Germany. This brave

years under the leadership of Esti Hirschfeld, but it was not until 10 years ago that the Nahariya municipality formed a youth band composed of more traditional instruments.

The Israel Chapter of the International Trombone Association is inviting composers to produce music for this instrument at three levels - beginners, advanced and professional. It can be designed for trombone solo or with piano accompaniment, for a duo or trio, for four to eight instruments or for a chamber orchestra.

A prize of \$100 is being offered by the Israel Band Federation and publication of the prize-winning composition and other outstanding works is promised. The last date for submission of entries is February 15. They should be sent to P.O. Box 4025, Jerusalem 91040. Information can be obtained from Eli Aharoni by telephoning 02-541333.

ON MONDAY NIGHT prizes in contests held this week and the beginning of next for young artists performing Israeli compositions will be distributed at the Targ Music Centre in Ein Karem. For five days, a panel of judges will have heard dozens of young performers in auditions held at the YMCA Auditorium. This contest is in memory of Paul Ben-Haim, the Grand Old Man of Israeli composers. The project has been established by the Israel Composers League in conjunction with Kol Israel's Music Department.

The much-loved pianist Gina Bachauer will be remembered with special affection next Wednesday when the scholarship in her memory is awarded to Natasha Tadjan, at a ceremony in the Tel Aviv Museum, sponsored by the Friends of the Sharet Scholarship Programme in Belgium to advance the career of young Israeli artists. It was won three years ago by Emanuel Krasovsky.

Natasha herself will be the soloist with the Israel Sinfonietta, Beersheba, under its chief conductor Mendel Rodan, in a performance of Chopin's First Concerto, and will play works by Handel, Scriabin and Stravinsky. In addition, video tapes showing the work Gina Bachauer did at the Jerusalem Music Centre will be screened.

ONE OF THE SURPRISES in store for anyone who is not a native of Tel Aviv is the fact that there is a whole other world out there north of the Yarkon.

With none of the flash and glamour of, say, the northern end of Dizengoff and Ben Yehuda Streets with their showy little crepe establishments, the eating places north of the Yarkon seem to be solid middle-class establishments with a firm family-type clientele. It thus came as a bit of an eye-opener to realize that there is at least one restaurant with a distinctly arty tone out there in suburbia.

The establishment is Nektar, at 209 Rehov B'nei Efraim in the small shopping centre of Mazov Aviv, near the Tel Aviv Exhibition Grounds. With a plain, almost anonymous, entrance, it is in fact, a supper club, where the owners perform nightly, with song and guitar, for their guests.

Intimate and pleasant, it somehow reminded me of similar "arty" places which one might find outside the

North of the Yarkon

MATTERS OF TASTE / Haim Shapiro

more cosmopolitan centres in the U.S.

Oil paintings of an earnest type decorate the walls; candles provide most of the lighting and the service is the best of that friendly informal style which is so distinctly Israeli. Only the chairs, rather hard and uncomfortable, despite the thin pads on the seats, mar the overall atmosphere of bohemian respectability.

The menu, though limited, looked promising, with a great deal of originality and nothing that seemed to have come straight out of a tin. Prominent among the first courses were a series of items wrapped in a crepe and served with melted cheese.

I avoided them and chose instead the calamari, served up in a fresh

tomato sauce in which garlic and fresh coriander (*kuzbara*) featured strongly. The seafood was tender and fresh and the sauce just sharp enough to be interesting without being overpowering.

My companion tried the "green mountain soup," an original creation with a chicken stock base, cream, onions, celery and green olives. Whatever it might sound like, it was absolutely delicious, if a bit rich. Served alongside were little home-baked rolls and butter.

FOR MY MAIN COURSE, I decided to take a chance with beef Stroganoff. This is an item which I often avoid, knowing full well that the name serves as an excuse for throwing together whatever seems



handy in the kitchen. Here, the meat was tender, the cream sauce unsullied by tomato puree, paste or, heaven forbid, ketchup and the rice on which it was served was perfect and firm. There was only one quirk: toasted sunflower seeds (albeit peeled) strewn over the whole thing.

These were totally unnecessary as far as I was concerned, but they might have done a little to salvage my companion's stuffed prunes, the great letdown of the meal.

cooking, had tried to make the dish without ever having tasted it. The baked potato was quite good.

We washed all this down with a bottle of Carmel Petite Strah, a fairly light red wine, but with enough character to hold its own against the seasoning of some of the dishes.

For dessert, I tried the Ludmilla cream, a rich and satisfying vanilla cream served with ice cream, whipped cream, marinated raisins and chopped apple. It was just enough to conclude our meal satisfactorily.

With our Turkish coffee, we enjoyed the show, which opened with a medley of old Israeli songs, the kind that bring waves of nostalgia, even if you've never heard them before. Within a few minutes the crowd was singing along in full voice.

The bill, including a 15 per cent service charge, came to IS26,335. I have been asked by many readers what I do when a service charge is added to the bill. Here, as elsewhere, I left a small nominal tip to indicate that I had been satisfied with the service.

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THE BAT SHEVA Dance Company has just had a visit from Lotte Goslar, the celebrated dancer, who came to set a second edition - or rather a sequel - to the highly successful *Pantomime Circus* she previously did for the company. The new *Circus* will be premiered at the Ohel Shem Theatre in Tel Aviv on January 7 at 5 p.m.

The company has also started rehearsing for the special programme in which it will collaborate with the Israel Chamber Orchestra to mark the tercentenary of the birth of Johann Sebastian Bach in March.

Four choreographers will create works for this performance. The first one, Gene Hill Sagan, is already here from the United States. He is well known in Israel, having lived here for 10 years. At present he choreographs mainly for the Pennsylvania Ballet but has been here frequently.

A young American choreographer, Marc Mority, is due in January, and Robert Cohen of the London Contemporary Dance Theatre, who is artistic adviser of the Bat Sheva Company, will come in February. The fourth work will be contributed

Play Bach, etc.

DANCE/Dora Sowden

by Israeli Siki Kol.

SOMEONE in New York has sent me a clipping of the review by Anna Kisselgoff, chief dance critic of *The New York Times*, about the premiere of Kol Demama, the Israeli company of deaf and hearing dancers, at the City Centre. It is very complimentary, taking into account the objective way she gives her assessments; both wise and warm.

She writes: "Mr. Efrati... produced a highly trained and homogeneous ensemble... real dancers in real choreography." She did find the choreography of varying quality, but "most fascinating by any standard" in Efrati's *Psalm of Jerusalem*. Of Esther Nadler and Gubi Barr she said that they are "possessors of highly confident theatrical presence" and that "they know how to hold the stage."

HILLEL MARKMAN, co-director with Berta Yampolsky of the Israel Ballet, says that there are big plans for the company in the coming seasons. One of the biggest enterprises will be a production of *The Nutcracker* (music: Tchaikovsky), perhaps the most frequently staged of all classical ballets.

Since the days of Petipa and Ivanov, who were responsible for the first *Nutcracker*, there have been many versions and variations - for instance, Nicholas Sergeyev's and Sir Frederick Ashton's for the Sadler Wells Ballet; William Christensen's for the San Francisco Ballet; George Balanchine's for the New York City Ballet; Yuri Grigorovich's for the Bolshoi Ballet; Rudolf Nureyev's for the Royal Swedish Ballet and London's Royal Ballet - and many more.

The Israel Ballet management is already in touch with Israeli stage designer David Shari, who works for the Boston Ballet but comes home often, to design the complicated decor for the work. The main problem is, of course, financial, but Markman has hopes.

He also wants Jan Linkens to come and do a second work for the company and says that Robert North (who has staged his *Death and the Maiden* for the Bat Sheva Company) has shown interest in doing a work for the Israel Ballet. He also mentioned the names of Hans van Manen and Rudi van Dantzig (of the Dutch National Ballet) as possible choreographers.

Meanwhile, Yampolsky herself is devising a new work, and the company is giving performances for schools in the mornings. "Erez Dror's *Dream Box* is having great success with young audiences," said Markman.

PAMELA SHARNI has returned from a three-month stay in the U.S. In a performance at Ohio State University's Sullivan Hall Theatre, she included six of her own works - five



Dancers of Kol Demama Company of them solos.

Sharni, a graduate of Ohio State in dance education, came on aliya 15 years ago. She will visit the U.S. again in January to create a work to be called *Waves of Time* (music: Joseph Dorfman) for the Birmingham-Southern College dance department. It will be premiered in the spring at the Birmingham Arts Festival which, she says, is "this year honouring Israel."

Her next performance in Israel will be on March 6 in the foyer of the Tel Aviv Museum.

Theatre of survival



Yehoshua Sobol: under attack again.

THEATRE/Uri Rapp

EVEN AT ITS MOST dismal moments, theatre has at least three elevating aspects: understanding, the ability to identify with everything human - including the belief that every person has his moment - and the maintaining of human dignity and free will, even in the face of a cruel fate.

For this reason, it has been close to impossible to stage the events of the Holocaust. Almost every play which has tried to do so has failed miserably, or succeeded in bypassing the Holocaust as such, focusing on some other element (as in *Anne Frank's Diary*).

It is impossible, at least in this generation and especially for Jews, to view the German mass murderers as part of our common humanity, although some might say that this is exactly what should be done in order to confront the murderer which lurks in each one of us. It is impossible to find dignity and free will in the face, not of fate, but of doom.

And it is impossible - and may remain so forever - to understand what happened; what happened is totally unfathomable.

"Holocaust art is transitional art," says Lawrence L. Langer in *From Hester Street to Hollywood*, "a balloon, as it were, straining to break free from its inspiring reality but always moored by a single stubborn strand to the ontological event that gave it birth - the extermination of millions of innocent human beings. It is a necessary art, ever more necessary as that event recedes in time and new generations struggle to comprehend why a civilized country in the midst of the 20th century could decide to murder all of Europe's Jews. The documents

themselves do not answer this vital question for us."

One of the new Holocaust plays which did not make me squirm with embarrassment was Arthur Miller's *Incident in Vichy*. Miller, quite rightly, shifts the centre of moral responsibility for the situation of the Jews from the victims to the well-intentioned bystander. Langer again: "When humanistic precedents collapse, the individual loses the security of collective identity; neither family nor group nor profession protects; the prisoners in this play are isolated, alone, searching for private strategies to ensure their release - unaware that the Nazi determination to destroy all Jews has deprived them of choice."

YEHOSHUA SOBOL, in *Ghetto* (Haifa Municipal Theatre) has taken the bull by the horns with a courageous and very significant play. It has been attacked, understandably, by survivors of the Vilna Ghetto; but a play or novel has no obligation to be historically accurate. It has to symbolize a moral conflict, a human dilemma, a network of human relations. *Ghetto* is such a play.

At first, I could not believe my eyes and ears: this was the story of a theatre group, singing and dancing in a rapidly vanishing Jewish community. But there was theatre in the ghetto, as there was education and literature and everything else.

Sobol has put his finger on the authentic problem of the Holocaust, which has hitherto been neglected: the recognition of the Jews as a community, and their aim of community survival beyond individual survival.

The greatest play about the Holocaust is undoubtedly Max Frisch's *Andorra*; it is both highly popular and a great work of art. But it is not really about the Holocaust, because it isn't really about Jews. The single "Jew" in the play is a human being with a social stigma. What is missing in *Andorra*, in many other plays and in Sartre's book on anti-Semitism, is this recognition of the Jews as a community.

IN HIS PLAY, Sobol deals not only with the survival of as many Jews as possible, even at the price of sacrificing others, but with the survival of a culture, of community spirit, of the self-respect of the down-trodden as a group.

In reply to the line "In cemeteries there can be no theatre," Gien, the Jewish head of the ghetto (by grace of the SS) says: "I want to give everyone in the ghetto the feeling of solidarity. To remind them that they all belong to one people, a great people, with culture and fortitude and the power to be creative even under the most difficult circumstances."

And in a later speech: "Apparently you don't understand what the Germans are doing to us. Resistance towards the Germans mustn't only mean getting hold of weapons and fighting... The Germans aren't only waging a fight to the finish against our bodies. It's our soul they are after... They're determined to embed their bullets in our flesh and their spirit in ours... They're going to lose the war, but they're liable to defeat us spiritually, to infect us with that fatal sickness of theirs."

The central ideas of the play seem to be that life goes on, even under the most adverse circumstances - life in its entirety, including community life; and that survival is a continuous process, including suffering and sacrifices. And it is mainly community survival. This is what Kittel, the SS commander of the ghetto, so despises, yet secretly admires, in the Jews as being so different from the German mentality. At one point, survival is even equated with Jewish *chutzpa*.

THERE ARE NO HEROES in Sobol's *Ghetto*, just human beings, including the Jewish ghetto police, the ghetto chief, and the SS man, a murderer with many contradictions in his nature. The songs, dances and ditties do not detract from the horror of ghetto life and extermination - on the contrary, they underline it.

There is no feeling of embarrassment; instead there is an emphasis on a forgotten aspect of the Holocaust. Instead of dwelling on the doom-laden end, stress is laid on the living and the surviving.

In *Soul of a Jew*, Sobol changed our perspective, confronting us with an experience which went against our preconceptions and routine expectations. He's done it again with *Ghetto*.

This is also good theatre, a strong and impressive spectacle surrealistically portrayed and enhanced by a masterful set and costumes (Adrian Vaux; Edna Sobol). The actors are very good and so is the direction (Gedalia Bosser), although they do not fully rise to the profundity and multi-levelled meaning of the play.

The long tradition of the theatre dealing with itself, symbolizing and epitomizing society and its conflicts, is stunningly used in this play. Its subtitle, *The Last Performance in the Vilna Ghetto* (*Soul of a Jew* was subtitled *The Last Night of Otto Weininger*), points to the extremes, the limits of human life, which frame its "normality" and subvert it.

Ghetto is also being performed in other cities, with simultaneous translation into English.

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EXHIBITIONS: 1. "World of Yesterday - Jews in England, 1870-1920" 2. "The Enigma of the Celarovo Manuscript" 3. "The Jewish Heritage in the Eye of the Camera" - Photo exhibition based on the world-wide photo contest.

JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE: "Rabbi Abraham in the Wild West" Starring Gene Wilder; Dr. Albert Aldrich. The film is in English with Hebrew subtitles. Thursday, December 27 at 8.30 pm. Admission fee: 15,000; for members of Friends Association (ISBOD), Courtesy of bank leumi.

EVENTS: 1. The Jewish Portrait of Bar Katzenelson, A.D. Gordon and Y. Ch. Brenner. Moderator: Prof. Yosef Gorni. Participants: Prof. Eliezer Schweid, Muki Zur and Dr. Avraham Tsoref. Sunday, December 23 at 8.30 pm. 2. The Prose Literary Work of the Jews of Yemen. Moderator: Yael Zidon. Monday, December 24 at 7 pm. 3. "The Boat" - 1944. A study focusing on the subject: The "Illegal Immigrants" from Rumania during the Holocaust. "Illegal Immigrants" gathering: Tuesday, December 25 at 4 pm. 4. "Yuletide" from the Tradition of Moroccan Jews - By Rabi David Buzaglo. Part 1: Chaim Zaidani, Avraham Amzalag, Dr. Avner Bialist, David Edery. Wednesday, December 26 at 8.30 pm.

EXHIBITIONS ON TOUR: 1. The Jews of Sana'a - Bezak School, Jerusalem. (Till January 1). 2. Synagogue in 18th Century Germany - Yael Zidon, Kfar Saba. (Till Jan. 15). 3. Jewish Communities in Spanish Morocco - Matias Hazon Haginit. (Till Jan. 9). 4. Memories of Jewish Poland - 1932. Photographs by T. Gini. (Till Jan. 1). 5. Jewish Agriculture in Modern Times - Fac. of Agric., Rehovot. (Till Jan.). In cooperation with Merkaz Harbara. Beth Hatefutsoth is located on the campus of Tel Aviv University (Gate 2). Kleiner St., Ramat Aviv, Tel. (03) 425181. Buses: 13, 24, 26, 27, 45, 49, 79, 74, 274, 672.

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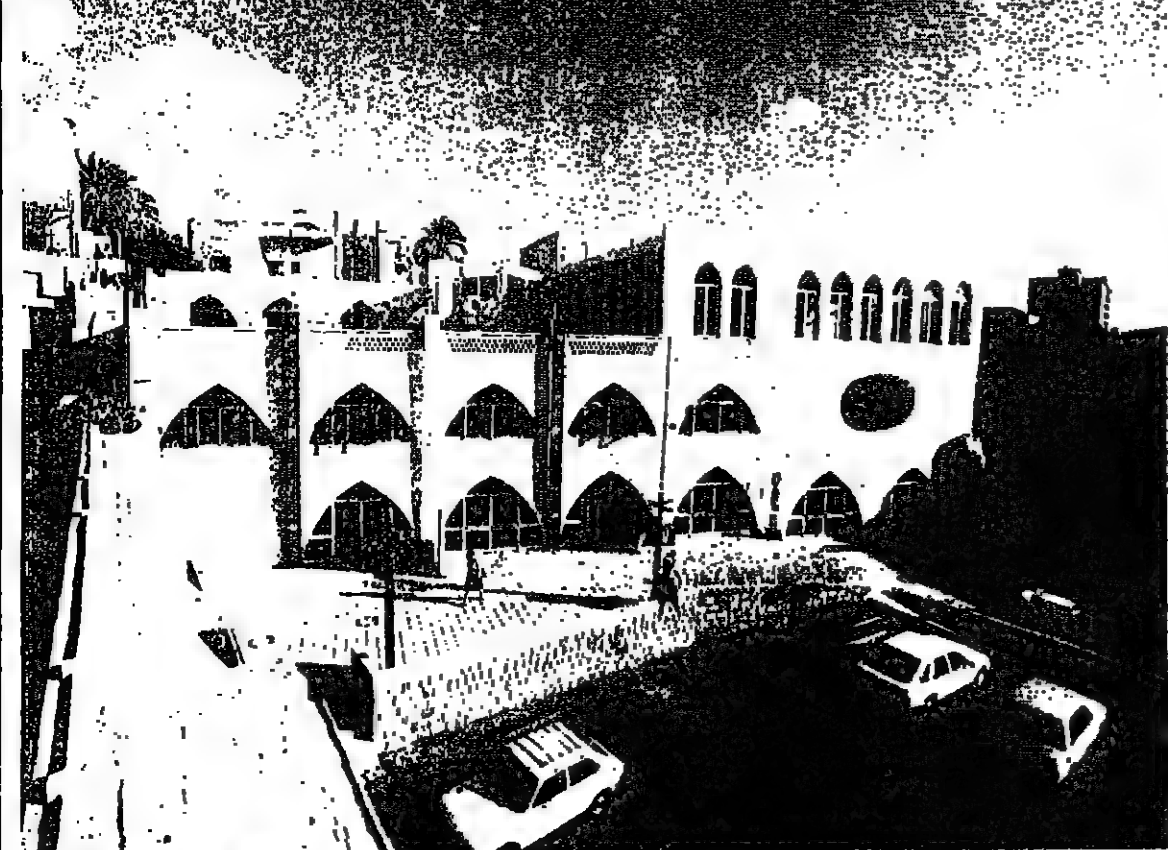
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Better in Hebrew

Marsha Pomerantz

THERE ARE two versions of the *Israel Experience* in the auditorium of the new commercial arty-crafty tourism venture in the Old Jaffa Mall. Visually, they are identical, and their texts are very similar, but one is in English and the other is in Hebrew.

The show, produced by Ya'acov Shein, is billed as a "multi-media adventure." It is presented on a curved 20-metre screen by dozens of slide projectors and three movie projectors, all working overtime for about 50 minutes. The screen is surrounded by Broadway lights, and ceiling gadgets strobe with colour when the scene is a Tel Aviv discotheque. When Masada burns, as burn it must, other projectors put flames on the sand-textured back walls so that we feel surrounded. At the appropriate moment a burning bush smokes on the stage and is, in this consumer wonderland, not consumed. During the Yom Kippur War, with tanks rolling and planes zooming across the screen, smoke again comes out of the stage to assure us that we are in the thick of battle.

The first time I went, I saw the show in English. I couldn't even imagine that it would exist in Hebrew, since anyone fluent in Hebrew presumably has no need for such a tourist come-on. I was impressed by the visual images, and the ways they are played together: stalactite caves, for instance, turning into salt-caked sticks and stones at the Dead Sea, then ice-covered trees in the North. Sometimes it was kitschy but amusing: Zubin Mehta, "our" Indian, conducting the IPO like a puppet, then turning into a traffic policeman, as the orchestra, a moment later, becomes the honking and shouting of a Tel Aviv intersection.

BUT THE overall impression, to my English ear and cold outsider's eye, was of a blinkin' travel brochure — pretty pictures and superficial text. It told me almost nothing I couldn't have found out on the way from the airport: Israelis complain a lot and they know it; Israel grows a variety of fruits and vegetables; many nations have lived here in succession; Israel produces a variety of indigenous

products. Etc.

I also managed to find in it something offensive to just about everyone:

□ To women, for the prominent use of their bodies, starting (of course) with the nymph who comes out of the sea and turns on her radio to a newscast about border tension.

□ To religious Jews for their cartoonish representation in conflict with a bathing beauty. (Oy, a broch, says the yeshiva boy.)

□ To Arabs, who hardly exist in the *Israel Experience*. They are mentioned as the hostile element that drove the Jewish settlers in Jaffa to set up the northern suburb that eventually became Tel Aviv. They are shown in their picturesque mosques in the section on picturesque Jerusalem. They are presumably the enemy in the various wars that flash across the screen. And suddenly, there is Sadat on a red carpet, depicted more as an embodiment of the Israeli hope for peace than as the representative of the Egyptian nation.

□ To the war dead, to tourists. After a Disney-like depiction of the national defence, with allusions to successive waves of conquerors, we have parodies of the tourists who have come "to conquer us — with their cameras." They pose and chat in a variety of peculiar languages.

At the end of that show — after the final rousing visit to Jerusalem — someone in the audience said to her friend: "Yes, and there's skiing, too." Which seemed to sum it all up.

THAT WAS last week. This week I had an *Israel Experience* in Hebrew, and only then did I begin to figure out what it was all about. It's a family photo album, reminiscences for the initiated. Soft-sell Zionism for hard times: Look, we have our problems, but remember we started from nothing, we've been through a lot together, see what we've invented, what a beautiful country — the whole world comes to see, so there must be something going on here.

And indeed the assembly lines glister and wildflowers bloom be-

fore your eyes. In Hebrew, the narrator's voice has the warmth and soft gutturals of the boy-next-door. The poems, the songs and the biblical quotes make sense and don't sound stilted. The jokes about women on the beaches and women in the Knesset are good-natured; you don't even notice the absence of reference to Arabs.

The text in Hebrew adds a few layers of shared experience. In a section on the kibbutz celebration of Shavuot, the harvest of first fruits mentioned in the Bible, both texts joke about a list of fruits now grown here and never mentioned in the sources. But the Hebrew text adds banana, with the accent on the last syllable, as Hebrew rules of grammar dictate. For natives, that conjures up Albert the greengrocer, who is always plugging bananas properly pronounced on the TV spot sponsored by the Fruit Marketing Board.

SOMETIMES there seems to be a serious lapse in translation. Near the end of the show, Herzl comes on screen, gazing across the land, and we have the inevitable reference to his saying, "If you will it, it is no legend."

In the English text of the *Israel Experience* this is followed by "And we simply willed it." For me, that means that the same nerve Israelis who cheat on credit cards in the U.S. finagled themselves a country.

The Hebrew rendering of Herzl's much-quoted saying is closer to "If you want it, it is no legend." In the Hebrew version of the *Experience* this is followed by "And we wanted it. We wanted it very much." As the boy-next-door caresses you with his vocal cords. Who wouldn't be convinced by such seductive strength of character?

The conclusion? I shrug my shoulders in both languages. If you feel compelled to see it and have the choice of language, see it in Hebrew. If you are visiting, I can hardly tell you to stick around long enough to learn the vernacular. By then you would be inextricably involved in the *Israel Experience* and would want to shrug your shoulders. You would want to very much.

Battle play

BRIDGE/George Levinrew

THERE ARE TIMES when, seeing all the cards, it is difficult to see how to make a contract. The reader is challenged, double dummy, to determine how the slam of six hearts by South can be made with the lead of the club eight.

Vul: Both		North (D)	
		♠ A 8 4 2	
		♥ A J 8	
		♦ A J 6 3	
		♣ 7 6	
West	East		
♠ Q 7 3	♠ J 9		
♥ 7 4	♥ Q 6 3		
♦ —	♦ K 10 8 5 4 2		
♣ K Q J 10 9 8 4 3	♣ 2		
		South	
		♠ K 10 6 5	
		♥ K 10 9 5 2	
		♦ Q 7	
		♣ A 5	

The Bidding:			
Deal 1			
Vul: Both			
North	East	South	West
1 ♠	Pass	1 ♥	4 ♣
4 ♥	Pass	6 ♥	Pass
Pass	All Pass		

THE BIDDING, in an American championship game with Jeff Rothstein sitting South, was simple, clear cut, with North-South not doing any fancy bidding on the way to slam. If you were the declarer and recovered from your surprise when the opening lead of a small club was not covered by East, you would realize that the eight was a suit-preference signal, asking for the return of a diamond. You win with the ace and count the hand.

There is a potential loser in every

suit, four in all. The contract, at first glance, seems hopeless. But declarer Rothstein played on. He decided that he had better start with hearts.

There was a two-way finesse against the queen. With West having such long clubs, there was hope that East would have more hearts than West.

The second trick went to the heart ace in dummy and the jack was returned, holding. That settled the heart problem, but there were still potential losers in diamonds, spades, and clubs.

One hope was that East held the diamond king, and that he would be end-played. East saw this trap and ducked a diamond to the queen in the South hand.

Declarer now tried to force East to win a spade trick, and if so he would again be end-played. It was essential for the outstanding trump to be played and then the spade king. Again East saw the trap and unblocked with the spade jack. But this did not help; declarer finessed the spade eight which West won with the nine. East was forced to lead a diamond and declarer discarded his black suit losers. The brilliance of the play was that it was made in the midst of battle, without the advantage of seeing all 52 cards.

Twelve deals, including Rothstein's gem, have been submitted by the International Bridge Press Association as candidates in the Bols Brillancy Competition established by the Bols Royal Distilleries of the Netherlands. All 400 members world-wide of the IBPA have been asked to be the jury to determine the six best hands.

Deal 2 Vul E-W	
North	East (D)
♠ 6 3 2	♠ 10 9 4
♥ 7 4 6	♥ K 8 7 2
♦ K 6 5	♦ J 9 8 7
♣ K J 4 3 2	♣ 8 5
West	South
♠ K 7 5	♠ A Q J 8
♥ J 9 5 4 3	♥ Q 10
♦ 4 3 2	♦ A Q 10
♣ Q 10	♣ A 9 7 6

ON OUR SECOND DEAL Irving Rose of Great Britain, an international star, wished he were playing double dummy. He was set in his six club contract because he knew too much.

The bidding, with East-West passing throughout:

North	South
3 ♣	3 ♣
4 ♣	4 ♣
5 ♣	5 ♣
6 ♣	All Pass

Cute bidding helped North-South reach the slam contract. The opening lead was the spade five to the nine and queen. (West hoped to find East with the queen in order to establish a spade trick. He could not know that an opening heart lead would automatically beat the contract, with two kings offside.) Declarer saw that he needed to pick up the club queen and to discard a heart on an established spade.

The first obstacle was the trump suit. A club was led to the king and when West dropped the ten, declarer had to guess whether to finesse against East for the queen, or to play West for the lady. He guessed right.

Now for the spade suit. He played the ace, cashed three diamond tricks, and played a heart to ace in dummy. He had decided not to finesse spades and to play East for only two spades. He hoped to win with an end-play. He played a heart to East's king, expecting on the return a ruff and sluff of his losing spade in the dummy. But East had another spade for an exit. It was against the odds, but with the 3-3 split in spades the hand was set.

mediocre team. Yehuda Gruenfeld and Shvidler lost, while Alon Grinfeld and Gutman won their games.

Round 13: Israel 1½-Romania 2½. An expected defeat at the hands of the strong Rumanian team. Alon Grinfeld, Gutman and Murey drew, while Birnboim erred in the opening and was forced to resign after only 12 moves.

Round 14 (final): Israel 2½-Czechoslovakia 1½. Perhaps Israel's most impressive victory in the olympiad. Alon Grinfeld drew with Smejkal; Gutman lost to Fiacnik; Murey beat GM Jansa; and Shvidler beat GM Mokry.

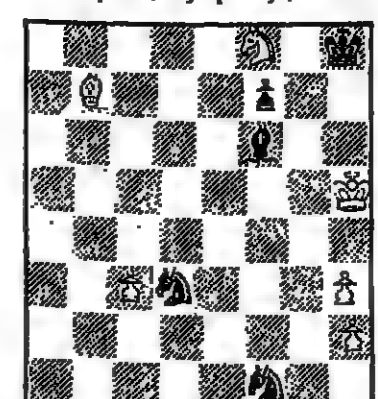
GAMES OF THE OLYMPIAD

HEBERT (Israel)
1.Nf3 Nf6 2.c4 c5 3.Nc3 e6 4.g3 b6 5.Bg2 Bb7 6.0-0 Be7 7.d4 cd4 8.Qd4 d6 9.Bg5 a6 10.Bf6 Bf6 11.Qf4 Bf3 12.Qf3 Ra7 13.Rad1 0-0 14.b3 Nd7 15.Ne4 Be7 16.Qf4 Ne5 17.Qd2 Rd7 18.f4 Ng4 19.f5 d5 20.h3 Ne5 21.cd5 cd5 22.Nf2 Bg5 23.Qd4 Qb8 24.Ng4 Re8 25.h4 h5 26.Ne5 Bf6 27.Qa4 b5 28.Qa6 Re5 29.e4 Ra7 30.Qc6 Ra2 31.Rf4 Qa7 32.Kh2 Be4 33.Re4 Qf2 34.Rf4 Qb2 35.Kg1 Qb3 36.Qf3 Re3 37.Qf1 Rg3 38.Kh1 Be5. White resigns.

VAGANIAN (USSR)
1.d4 Nf6 2.c4 e6 3.g3 Bb4 4.Bd2 Bd2 5.Qd2 c5 6.Bg2 0-0 7.de5 Qc7 8.Qd6 Qa5 9.Nc3 Na6 10.Nh3 Qb4 11.Qd2 Ne5 12.Rc1 Rb8 13.0-0 b6 14.e4 Bb7 15.e5 Ng4 16.Qc2 Bg2 17.Kg2 Nh6 18.Rd1 Nf5 19.Ng5 h6 20.Nf3 Rd8 21.a3 Qb3 22.g4 Ne7 23.Nd4 Ng6 24.Kg3. Black resigns.

CHESS

Eliahu Shahaf
Problem No. 3204
A. Sarichev, USSR
2nd prize, Olympic Ty., 1960



White to play and draw (6-5)

SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 3202 (Sarichev). 1.Bd8! Kc4 2.Kb2 Ba3 3.Kb1 Re1 4.Kc2 Re2 5.Kd1! Re3 6.Bf5 Re7 7.Bb1 Rd5 8.Kc2 Rd8, stalemate.

SALONIKI OLYMPIAD
ISRAEL tied with six other countries for eighth place in the 26th Olympiad, which ended in Saloniki on December 5. Out of 14 matches, Israel won 7, lost 4 and drew 3, accumulating 33 points out of a maximum of 56 (57 per cent).

The Soviet Union, winner of all but one of the olympiads in which it has taken part, reassessed its position as the top chess nation by carrying off the gold medal. The Russians defied predictions that the ab-

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Sara's Israeli Biennale

Gil Goldfine

HATS OFF to the Tel Aviv Museum and to its Curator of Israeli Art, Sara Breitberg-Semel, for Two Years, Israeli Art, Quality Accumulated, a concise, yet penetrating analysis of what has transpired among local painters and sculptors during the past two years, a marvellous exhibit which sums up the rich pluralism of better Israeli art today.

In the past Breitberg-Semel has been challenged in this column for promoting specific groups of artists and pre-determined ideals. Modernism was treated as a "trendy" form of art and not one that projected the total expressive power of the country's art community.

With *Two Years*, Breitberg-Semel has placed the Museum in the positive role of examiner, surveyor and educator. The 30 artists on show represent the complete spectrum of current developments as well as their own personal achievements. From lyrical abstraction and romantic expressionism to the new figurative painting style. This writer is familiar with the work of most of the painters on view, having seen their pictures repeatedly in local galleries and finds Breitberg-Semel's choice of individual works excellent. The overall look is one of mature, serious art. Proficiency levels are high and generally outpace previous exhibits. The sweep, painterly energy and pluralistic dynamism of the show demand respect and call for a healthy "bravo" for the exhibit as a whole. It is reassuring to know that Israeli art is alive, inquisitive, controlled and competitive, even by international standards.

Two Years is organized in loosely knit groups so that artists adjacent to each other communicate with a common vocabulary or project an interaction of influences. Little change has taken place in the work of some painters, but there is an intensification of what they have been reaching for.

Streichman and Stematsky, two of the founding fathers of Israeli abstraction, are represented by several



Ivan Schwabel: painting on canvas (Rubinstein Pavilion).

"understated" canvases in the classical lyrical style; a "greyed" palette controls the emotional impression, still rich in paint application and surface bravado. Raffi Lavie's pink-oriented plywood panels, despite the visual "action", are bolder, more parochial in colour and graphite.

Close by, Leah Nikel surges ahead with two superb Fauvist-in-colour abstractions. The large diptych bears a powerful calligraphic black stroke on an ochre field surrounded by white patches with understatements in red, green and turquoise, a remarkable *deja vu* look back at Motherwell's "Elegy to the Spanish Republic." Uri Stettner's recent sanguine portraits are veiled in secrecy to the same degree that Moshe Gershoni's black and white drawings are purposely corrupt; and that Menashe Kadishman's flagrant use of bombastic contrasting hues *à la* Appel is expressionistically heraldic in nature.

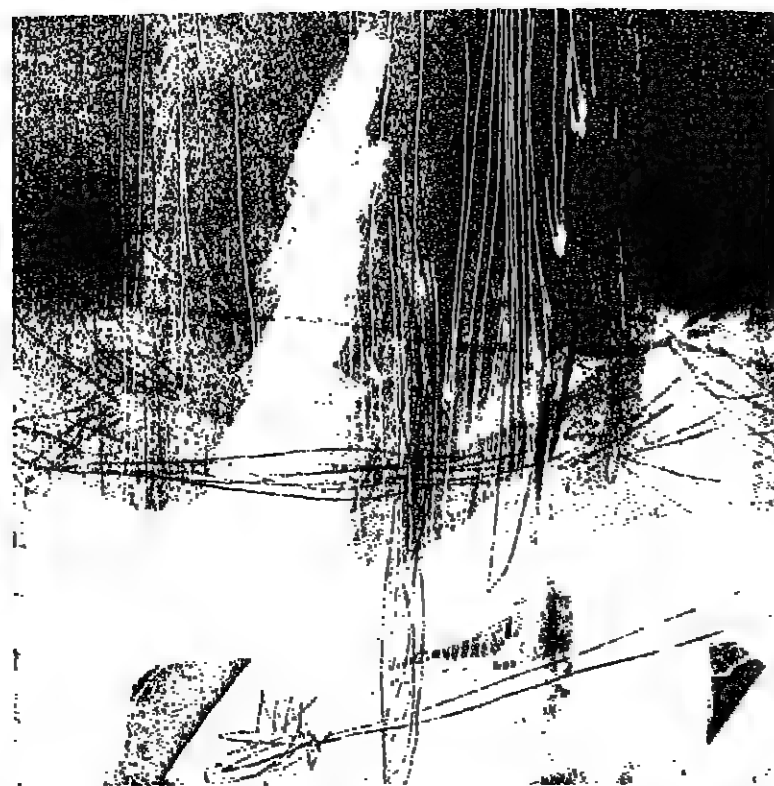
Pinehas Cohen Gan investigates opposing poles of structure and expression with rewarding dual-purpose paintings on single sheets of paper, the top-half interpreting feeling with active strokes in lively colour, contrasted with deliberately drawn (pencil) amorphic polygons or engineered geometric forms in the bottom half. Moshe Kupferman and Ariva Uri face off in the upper gallery with prime examples of their recent output, although the latter seems to be exploring new linear concepts as one discerns alterations in surface drawing hovering above the deep violet opaque backdrops. Jerusalemite Liliane Klapich has abandoned her rough and impulsive brushwork for a more moderate style of paint application and composition, considering light and structure more critical now than line and colour.

The entrance to the Pavilion is marked by two assemblage wall paintings by Yehudit Levin, a talented artist who has the ability to create visually unified units from several plywood fragments, in what looks like archeological reconstructions. Pamela Levy's large figurative landscape is an Israeli drama pictorialized in the American tradition of Prendergast, a veritable impressionist patchwork of the Judean Hills, and the interplay of stone, shrubs and human textures in the form of people, housing and shadow.

Michal Na'aman has brought her

very large canvases down to "people" proportions, yet their painterly impact, combined with her abstruse but challenging biographical content, results in some of her best work to date. Three vertically oriented monochromatic works on paper (each composed from three separate, abutting sheets) borrow from others (especially Jasper Johns) but remain Na'aman. The surfaces are interesting, images are clearly defined within abstract fields and the interaction of printed words, recognizable objects, symbolic markings and shapes is *tour de force* painting. Other artists in close proximity (physically and to some degree philosophically) are Degani Brest, Tzvi Gava and Teresa Gejer.

Overall patterning, designed or decoratively effusive, is handled by Naomi Simon Tov and Yoram Kupferman, the former's painted blanket standing out because of its singularity. Two young painters who have matured and received recognition in recent years are Gabi Klammer and David Reeb; the latter shows a tantalizing group of com-



Raffi Lavie: paint on plywood (Rubinstein Pavilion, Tel Aviv).

pactly composed flower and plant pictures, each work full of pigment energetically applied in careful strokes of similar density (a nod to Van Gogh?). To appreciate the diversity one has only to compare the single-image painting by Larry Abramson with Yair Garbuz's episodic slice of life "And He Went to the United States," a four-part narrative in painting, drawing, photo-montage and applied symbolic collage. Garbuz continues to flaunt nudity and pink-fleshed eroticism with family portraits, but has also condensed more drawing and illusionistic painting than usual into the sub-parts of the story.

Those artists who relate to the figure as a central theme have also been concentrated in one section. Ivan Schwabel's splendid canvases contain Hollywood personalities and landmark architectural images that phrase the energy of Tel Aviv into a mythical city. Using more colour and less graphite than in his Jerusalem and King David pictures, his work is moving from Renaissance Florentine line towards a light-filled Mediterranean reverie. Uri Lifshitz, in a furious combination of ink and colour, narrates, on long horizontal sheets of paper, his concepts of life

and death, of the battle between light and darkness, with ravens and birds of paradise sitting at opposite poles and suspended angels surreptitiously lurking in the shadows, waiting for a hospitalized victim to go one way or the other. Jacob Moshori's and Ryoramar Merose's paintings are not as fresh as panels they have exhibited recently.

Yasha Cyrillaka, a young Parisian-born artist recently graduated from Bezalel, shows two paintings in black and grey, something between an early Tolstovsky and a Rauschenberg Pop assemblage, contrast to Michael Gross' clearly primed minimalist relief panels.

What has been neglected and who has been left out? Who has been judged unsuitable and why? There are several painters who might have been included but have been passed over; and what about the photographers?

Two years, which might become an unofficial Israeli biennale, could also be promoted to sound out our expatriate art establishment working abroad. Two Years Part Two, will follow this show with one devoted to three-dimensional works. (Helena Rubinstein Pavilion, 6 Tarsat, Tel Aviv). Till Jan. 17.

Treasures of Mané-Katz

Edith Varga-Biro

MANÉ-KATZ House in Haifa is exhibiting for the first time, more than 50 Hanukkah lamps from the late artist's collection and some are very rare pieces. They are complemented by loans and Judaica to document the continuity of motifs.

Painter Mané-Katz lovingly collected Jewish 18th and 19th century folk-art from three continents. It is uncanny how much these hanukkiot, made by local artisans in far-flung places, often resemble each other, if we divest them of the trappings acquired in their Gentile surroundings.

On the back-walls and side-panels of the lamps unfold tales of past glory and an Eden of nature, cast, engraved or embossed, and frequently to the height of three tiers. Their meanings are also on more than one level: they can be explained in the symbolic, religious and folk-

loric sense.

The basic forms are similar, whether plain or elaborate: the sculptural elements (spouts, round casts) retain an echo of voluminous ancient pottery lamps. These are balanced against the flat, mirror-like back-wall which came into use, for hanging the lamps, in medieval Spain.

Apart from an eight-spout horicteled Yemenite lamp carved from stone and derived from an ancient Eretz-Israeli type, all the pieces from the collection itself are of brass or silver. One tall standing brass synagogue lamp from 18th century Poland has eight branches, decorated with cast flowers and knobs, imitating the Temple Candelabrum. The branches can be moved to stand in a row or in a circle, like a tree, an idea Agam has used in our time.

Because of the special character of the festival, we find imaginary Temple- and Menorah-motifs on

many lamps. In the Mané-Katz collection only the North-African hanukkiot, with their rows of Oriental arches and pairs of columns, show clear architectural composition, though the Ashkenazi lamps also have gabled or arched backs (and often sidepanels, originally of Spanish heritage). An interesting example from a Moroccan household reminds one of latticed Moorish windows. On top of another lamp we find the "hamasa", often drawn on outer walls in North Africa against the evil eye.

Home furnishings have also inspired the form of some lamps, notably in Germany and Austria, where the part holding the oil containers is shaped as a settee with two integrated curving arms. A small, elegant silver traveller's lamp, with a cover, is from Strasbourg (1760-90) and has lion-paw feet, common on

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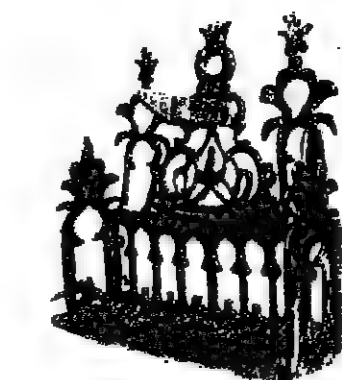
Mané-Katz

Continued from previous page
18th century French furniture-legs. These pieces were possibly made by Christian silversmiths.

Often the back-panel, even if cast in plant-like fretwork, still has a closed architectural *gesamte*. Such decorations can be seen on a rare, large, late 18th century lamp from Holland, together with the typically Ashkenazi lions rampant flanking the covered servitor (*shamash*). The back-wall is composed of three tiers, which, as Prof. Dov Noy suggests, could be the equivalent of the three Crowns, described by R. Simeon (Avot 4:13): those of Tora, Priesthood and Royalty. The crown on top could be of Priesthood, appropriate to the festival related to the Temple-service. The lion is symbol of the royal house of David and of messianic hopes (Crown of Royalty) and underneath are the Tablets of the Law ("Crown of the Tora").

The tree - or vase, from which a flowering plant spreads forth - symbolizes the Tree of Life, (which is the Tora). These motifs were diffused both in Europe and the Orient.

The Mané-Katz collection is specially rich in Dutch lamps. An outstanding piece, from the Portuguese community in Amsterdam, has two back-walls: one of brass sheet, characteristic of Holland, and a second one in solid cast brass of Iberian



Brass Hanukkah lamp from Morocco. 18th-19th century (Mané-Katz collection, Haifa).

tradition. Others show West European folk-motifs, such as hearts, tulips, roses and grapes and of course, the Shield of David.

In a large hanukkia from India, the whole back-wall is cut out in the shape of the *Magen David*. It has small glass oil containers, held by brass rings, customary in the Orient.

Jewish folk art delights in imaginary animals (each with its symbolic meaning). One lamp here (Central or E. Europe, 18-19th century) is decorated by griffins and lions. An unusual feature are two panels which seem to be covers from a silver prayer-book, embedded in the filigree background, while two Sabbath candle-holders on it, unexpectedly, are cast in the form of human fists.

Perhaps the most beloved motifs on lamps are the winged creatures. One of them is the eagle, a symbol of majesty, originally from the Middle East and later in certain European countries. An interesting, cast pewter lamp from Poland has three of them, seen from different angles. Two pairs of cock-like fowls decorate an Algerian lamp; birds flank an oil jug on top of a hanukkia from Morocco, where they were particularly liked. It has been suggested that birds might be a popularized version of the Cherubim, the winged figures on the original Ark of the Law.

The exhibition is well-explained and pleasantly arranged. (Beit Mané-Katz, Haifa). Till Jan. 15. □

The Israel Museum racket

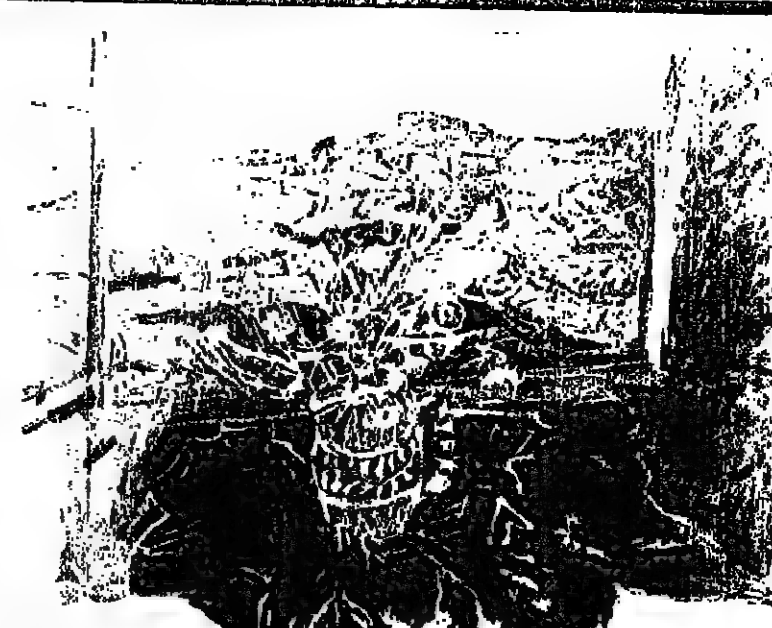
Meir Ronnen

VETERAN ISRAELI painter Eliahu Gat and veteran documentary photographer Roman Vishniac have had the bad luck of having their exhibitions at the Israel Museum mounted while much of the Bezalel section is closed for renovations and revamping. Vishniac's poetic photographs of the Jewish poor in East Europe of the Thirties (some of which were reproduced in last Friday's magazine) and Gat's oils of the last three decades have both been crowded into the Goldman-Schwartz lower entrance gallery, a noisy purgatory for lost souls seeking a path to the heavens of the Hammer Collection or making their way to the netherworld of archeology. The ultimate Gat picture, one of his best, is hung on a door frame. Gat should have been given the entire gallery.

The din is deafening, particularly in the mornings, when groups of chattering *seminaristot* led by grim viragos and hordes of very young and uncomprehending children herded by Youth Wing teachers form a generation clash with more adult visitors, who have arrived early under the illusion that the morning hours are a way to avoid the rush. But in the mornings it's impossible to approach some of the Hammer paintings because of the groups of six-year-olds sitting on the floor in front of them, their eyes glazed as they are hectored in loud voices by smug young teachers with curious concepts of how to interest children in works of art.

Noise has become endemic at the Israel Museum and it begins with the staff. Both guards and itinerant curators and librarians conduct long-distance conversations without the benefit of a telephone. Someone who is constantly on the phone is the young lady of the garderobe, who conducts lengthy intimate conversations many many decibels above discretion; you can have the gory details at the far end of the Spertus Gallery. The guards, with one or two exceptions, make no effort, or don't know how to keep visitors reasonably quiet. The fact is, the Museum loves crowds. They are the visible litmus test of success. No matter that the paintings cannot be glimpsed; it's the visit that counts, the ascension of the People to the Temple. The Museum doubtless knows nothing of crowd control; I also suspect it has no interest in promoting it. Perhaps it runs counter to the egalitarianism of Israelis in general.

Some of the noise is architectural. That the entire rear of the lower entrance gallery is open to the din from the main entrance above is a mistake that could easily be corrected (given a sum of money). The resultant loss of natural light, anyway insufficient for displays, would be worth it. The Spertus Gallery, which is open to a crossroads to other pavilions as well as to the garderobe, echoes like a huge bell. This could be solved by building an acoustic wall to the ceiling across most or all of the end of the gallery.



Eliahu Gat: "Flowers in Window", oils, 1979 (Israel Museum).

Matters will not necessarily improve when the Bezalel halls are reopened. What the Museum needs is an educational programme to foster the decorum and public consideration for others that Israelis lack elsewhere as well; and it might well begin with its own staff.

HONOURING Eliahu Gat (b. Russia, 1919) may mark a welcome change at the Museum, evidence of a willingness to exhibit Israeli art in styles other than those of current international fashion. Yet Gat's juicy landscapes and nudes have, particularly if you get close to them, all the gestural hallmarks of current neo-expressionist painting. It's just that when one steps back and takes in the landscapes or nudes as a whole that Gat seems to remain wedded to an all-too-familiar literalism.

Not that these paintings are in any way realist. They simply conform to the sum total of an academic realist painting. What happens within each hillside or breast is a writhing mass of slithering, richly hued swaths of colour, applied with bravado.

The bravura at times seems too consciously considered. Gat loves strong reds, likes partly overpainting it or working strokes of red into his surfaces, whether the subject calls for it or not; his complementary reds and blues, set in fields of rich ochres and umbers are almost a trademark. But too often they make a work look

as though it came from the same box of tricks as all the others: flicks of decoratively stippled colour or thin twigs of light yellows threaded across the front of the picture plane in an impressionist effort to break up the flatter effects of light in the landscape.

Gat tried some pure abstraction in the Sixties, as seen in the few watercolours on show; they overly recall his New Horizons teachers. Gat did not explore them further, turning instead to a series of through-the-window pictures in which a reclining nude or a still life was virtually combined with the view outside. In some cases the nude became the landscape, but still remained overly literal as a delineation. Gat's landscapes and still life of the eighties are among his richly colourful best; he is perhaps just coming into his own as a painter, seeing colour with a confidence that allows him to abandon the well-tried tricks of the past.

The artist was educated in Poland and at the Technion (architecture) after coming here in 1937. He was a kibbutznik, seaman, dockhand and soldier serving with the British Army in North Africa and the Israel Army in 1948. He studied at the Avni Institute; and with Streichman and Stematsky until 1948. He led the "Group of Ten" in 1951 (they had nothing in common except tutelage under Streichman and Stematsky); and during his abstract period joined

the "Tatzpit" group. Gat no longer needs the comfort of company. He is going his own way as a figurative expressionist, or whatever you want to call it. The mature Gat has much to offer us and the promise of more to come.

Incidentally, curator Zalmona has produced a splendid catalogue; the photographs by David Harris and the colour printing by Sabinsky of Tel Aviv are absolutely first class. (Israel Museum).

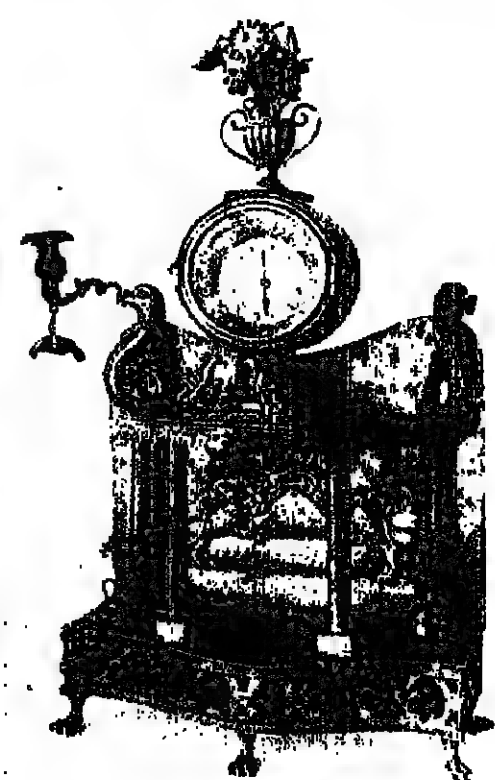
A GROUP show of 11 Israeli artists is entirely devoted to watercolours, the favoured medium of most of the exhibitors, though not all are watercolourists in the classic sense, least of Oshas Hofstatter, but his tortured souls now have more colour to them than heretofore. The classicist in the English tradition is Derek Stein whose larger landscape on show here achieves a pale, effortless majesty that rises above the rest of his work. Eve Menes successfully combines echoes of early Zaritsky with her own more contemporary outlook; while Hedva Harkabi shows a familiar abstraction and Nahada Gafni her familiar post-Marin-ish landscapes. Equally predictable are the monochrome portraits of Josef Hirsch. Liat Polonsky makes a brave attempt at rendering pebbles in a stream and catches the reflected light, though the compositions are inconclusive. Jan Reichwarger's charming little cats seem intended for book illustration. Also exhibiting are Sldon Rothenberg and Menahem Lemberger. (Ella Gallery, Tura 1, Yemin Moshe). Till January 10. □

Litvinovsky's new album

YUVAL TAL, Jerusalem, have published a loose-leaf album of 24 oils by veteran painter Litvinovsky. Well printed on card, they are suitable for framing. Most are frenetic oil sketches of children and figure groups in the gestural post-Picasso style the nonagenarian Litvinovsky has adopted in recent years. The album, which is accompanied by a lengthy Hebrew monograph by Gideon Ofat, also contains a panegyric in English by Waldemar George. Priced at \$30, the album can also be obtained direct from Yuval Tal. M.R.



Hanukkah lamp from Singapore recently added to the Israel Museum's permanent display of lamps features a Moslem star and crescent and glass water containers on which oil was flouted. The unusual Italian hanukkia with a clock made in Italy in 1841, in gilded silver, is from the collection of the late Dr. Avraham Ticho and is now on view with other lamps at the Ticho House Museum in downtown Jerusalem. Photos courtesy of the Israel Museum



Michal Na'aman: vertical triptych from "Two Years, Israeli Art, Quality Accumulated" (Helena Rubinstein Pavilion).

WHAT'S ON

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ART GUIDE

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Jerusalem

MUSEUMS

Israel Museum: Exhibitions: A Vanished World - Roman Vespasian, photographs; Permanent Exhibition of Miniature Rooms. Meet the Israeli Artist, for children Tue., 5.30-7; Wed., 10.30-12; Artists Present in the Gallery. Armand Hammer Collection, five centuries of masterpieces until 511; Eliahu Gut, landscape paintings; Moshe Kupferman, paintings, works on paper; Scaps, Permanent Collection of Judaism, Art and Archaeology; Photography, for children (Paley Centre near Rockefeller Museum).

Rockefeller Museum: The Other Side of the River - Ancient Egyptian funerary objects. Ticho House: works by Anna Ticho, hanukkiot, library, garden cafe.

Old Yehuda Court Museum: Life of the Jewish community in the Old City, mid-19th century. World War II, 6 Or Hahaim, Jewish Quarter Old City, Sun-Thur., 9 a.m.-4 p.m.

Sir Isaac and Lady Edith Wolfson Museum at Helich Shalom

Permanent Exhibition of Judaism. Dikoma Room: History of Jewish People. Special Hanukkah Exhibition, "Sighting Through Israel," artwork by Zip Dagan. Mishkenot Sha'ananim, J. Robert Fisher Hall. Yehiel Shemi, collage works, Sun-Thur. 11 a.m.-1 p.m.; Fri. 11 a.m.-1 p.m.

Galleries

Yakov Greenvald Gallery: Jewish ceremonial objects in silver for connoisseurs of modern art. Sun-Thurs., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Fri. 11 a.m.-1 p.m. Huta Hayotzer, opp. Jaffa Gate. Tel. 02-282077.

Tel Aviv

MUSEUMS

Tel Aviv Museum: Exhibitions: Design for Disabled Persons Zaslavsky, A Retrospective. Art of Sardinia. Selection from Museum collections of classical, 20th century art. Helena

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Other Centres

Haarom, Wilfrid Israel Museum: Ruth Cohn, Media: Floitage, 15.12.84-19.1.85. Visiting Hours: Sat. 10 a.m.-12.30 p.m., 5-6.30 p.m. During week after coordination by telephone, 04-999311.

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תיאטרון עירוני חיפה

ב.ט. אומנויות

IN HIS PURSUIT of the mysteries behind the Dead Sea Scrolls found in the Judean wilderness, Prof. Norman Golb has wandered for years in a scholarly wilderness of his own. His provocative theory that the scrolls did not originate in the Essene community on the shores of the Dead Sea, but in Jerusalem, has drawn from the academic community a silence as deep as the ages.

No reaction, not even of outrage, has greeted the theory he has presented in learned journals and *The New York Times*. The copies of these articles he has sent to scores of scholars have failed to elicit refutation, let alone agreement, and in most cases not even an acknowledgement.

Last month, the distinguished medievalist bearded the world of scrolls scholarship in its own den, the Rockefeller Museum, the Jerusalem focus of the international effort to piece together most of the scroll fragments that have been found. A public lecture on his thesis at the museum was followed by an hour's cut and thrust in the hushed meeting room of the Albright Institute of Archaeological Research in Jerusalem, where a small group of Israeli and foreign scholars had gathered to offer feedback.

Golb, who is professor of Hebrew and Judeo-Arabic at the University of Chicago, believes that the connection of the scrolls with the Essene sect and the nearby Qumran ruins made by the first archaeologists to encounter them has locked the world of scholarship, and even more the lay world, into a concept that the accumulating mass of evidence in the years since does not support.

In the Second Temple period, the Essenes were a small sect which deviated significantly from the two main movements in Judaism - the Pharisees and the Sadducees. They are described in some detail by contemporary historians and it is these accounts that led Prof. Eliezer Sukenik of the Hebrew University, the first Jewish scholar to see one of the scrolls, to deduce that the Essenes had written it. Virtually all other Jewish and Christian scholars have echoed this view.

FOLLOWING the discovery of the scrolls, the adjacent ruins of Qumran, until then considered to be the remains of an insignificant fortress, were re-excavated and determined by the archaeologists to be the mother-house of the sect which wrote the scrolls. A room containing stone benches and inkwells was uncovered and dubbed the scriptorium. The elaborate system of baths fitted neatly with the ritual purification the Essenes were known to indulge in. The site, too, fitted in with a contemporary reference by Pliny the Elder to an Essene commune north of Ein Gedi.

As more scrolls came to light over the years, however, both in the Qumran area and other Judean Desert sites such as Masada and the Bar-Kochba caves, Golb began to think that the initial linking of the Dead Sea scrolls to an Essene sect at Qumran may have been too pat.

For one thing, the very mass of the material found at Qumran - fragments of some 800 scrolls have been identified - made it seem improbable that they had been produced by a tiny commune while nothing was left to posterity by Jerusalem, the capital and literary centre of the nation.

Golb deemed it much more likely that the scrolls had been taken from Jerusalem on the approach of the Roman army in 70 CE, or perhaps even smuggled out into the desert during the four-month siege.



A voice in the wilderness

Abraham Rabinovich

brought there by a military unit assigned to hide precious items in an area which the Romans had not yet conquered. It was logical that such items would be literary texts and not mere personal documents.

The concealment of manuscripts in the Judean Desert was a widespread phenomenon during the war against the Romans, says Golb. The so-called Copper Scroll found at Qumran lists a large number of hiding places of treasure, artefacts and scrolls. The Copper Scroll has been dismissed by scroll scholars as folklore, he maintains, because it endorses their thesis that the scrolls in the Qumran caves emanated from the Qumran settlement.

IN THE post-Rockefeller gathering at the Albright Institute, Golb sat tall and expectant in the centre of the semi-circle of sofas and chairs filled with scholars trying to balance an open mind and the requirements of decorum with strongly-held views of their own.

Magen Broshi had been one of the first to arrive, but he took a chair in the back row. As curator of the Shrine of the Book at the Israel Museum, in which the major scrolls are housed, he could be expected to be a major participant in the discussion, but his choice of seat suggested that he had decided on a more modest role for himself.

Nevertheless, it was Broshi who rose first after the introductory remarks of Prof. Jonas Greenfield of the Hebrew University, to express admiration for "one of the best lectures ever heard in the Rockefeller Museum" - and total disagreement with Golb's methodology and conclusions.

To deny a connection between the cave scrolls and the Qumran settlement because of the absence of domestic documents, said Broshi, was an attempt to build a case *ex silentio*, an argument based on a historical silence, that was too flimsy for consideration.

The fact that no royal inscription has ever been uncovered in the Holy Land despite a century and a half of excavations does not mean that there were no kings in Judea. Many of the scrolls that had been in the Qumran caves had been removed over the centuries - there are two historical references to such finds in the 3rd and 9th centuries CE - and it may be assumed that Beduin in the past used parchment finds for bonfires. Such scrolls, argued Broshi, may have included documents.

Of the 11 caves near Qumran in which scrolls had been found, said Broshi, only one contained indications that the scrolls had been deliberately hidden in purpose-made pottery cylinders. No special precautions had been taken with the scrolls in the other caves, which accounted for their bad state of preservation.

Some of the caves had clearly been used as habitations, and Broshi lightly suggested that their residents had taken home scrolls "to read before they went to sleep."

In response to Golb's contention that the Qumran ruins were "only conceivable as a fortress," Broshi said he did not believe that the place was intended to withstand a siege, since it had no solid walls. "This was a peaceful community," he pointed out. "So you believe that people would live in 35 caves in a periphery of several miles if this were a fort?"

An angry-looking man, in the front row, who was not identified, said that some kind of defences were needed even against Beduin. "Don't make an elephant from a flea," he burst out.

Broshi said he had no doubt that Qumran was an Essene settlement. One of the scrolls, the Nahum Commentary, clearly identified the authors with the Essenes, albeit not by name but only by allusion.

THE CURATOR of the Shrine of the Book did not wish to make a further point-by-point rebuttal because it would consume too much time. In a subsequent interview, however, his relative restraint was seen to be that of a round-earthier who feels it futile to attempt to argue with a flat-earthier beyond pointing out that he respectfully disagrees.

While expressing respect for Golb's scholarship in other areas, Broshi said that the American's position on the scrolls was "untenable."

At the Albright meeting, there was surprising agreement by others with a number of Golb's points, although not with his overall thesis.

Haim Malinkovsky said that there was general agreement that not all the scrolls in the Qumran cave were written by the Essene sect - many were biblical renditions and other non-sectarian texts. "But a very large number of them are sectarian and therefore should be seen as coming from a sectarian group." If, said Malinkovsky, Golb's scenario was correct and scrolls were taken from Jerusalem to the desert for hiding, it seemed much more likely that documents would be taken rather than literary works.

"If you are ready to recognize that some of the scrolls came from Jerusalem," replied Golb, "what is there about Qumran as a site that makes you believe that some of the texts were written by people living there and not that it was inhabited by a military group fighting Romans?"

In his interview, Broshi also acknowledged that many of the scrolls had probably been brought from Jerusalem by the Essenes, since they were written over a time span of close to 400 years, while Qumran was occupied for only half that time. At the Albright meeting, he said that all the scrolls found at Masada had indeed been brought from Jerusalem, except for one which was identical to a scroll from Qumran.

Golb leapt at this concurrence with his theory, pointing out that Yigael Yadin, the archaeologist who excavated Masada, had maintained that the scrolls he found there had been brought by Essenes from Qumran. "Show me one book in the author says most of the documents at Masada came from Jerusalem," he said.

Agreement with another part of Golb's theory - that it was not Essenes who wrote even the sectarian scrolls - came from Prof. Shmaryahu Talmor of the Hebrew University, who has long been a maverick among Jewish scholars with his contention that they were composed by another sect.

"I believe that there were many groups in the desert and that Qumran was not an Essene community," he declared, adding that he did not deny the possibility that many, perhaps most, of the scrolls had been brought to Qumran from Jerusalem. "But why do you have to deny the possibility that texts were written there too?"

"What is there about the site," countered Golb, "that impels you to believe that a sect lived there?"

The fact that there were so many scrolls in the nearby caves, answered Talmor, and the cemetery with more than a thousand graves.

Golb did not regard this as proof that the Essenes had either hidden the scrolls or provided the corpses.

Professor Greenfield cited the presence of numerous baths, even though there was fresh water within walking distance. "I've never seen so many baths at any fort," he said.

Golb, who was to fly to Paris in a few hours to deliver a lecture, concluded his remarks with a plea for further scholarly study of the scrolls and more archaeological excavations at Qumran free of any pre-conceived hypothesis.

Subsequent to the Albright meeting, Golb said he would like to begin unitching the Dead Sea Scroll-Essene-Qumran connection by changing the text of the signs at the Shrine of the Book and at the Qumran site which suggest such a link.

Two thousand years after they were written, the emotions surrounding the scrolls have changed their form but have barely abated. □

The Jerusalem Post

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Collected deaths

KILLINGS by Calvin Trillin, New York, Ticknor and Fields, 231 pp. \$14.95.

THE EVIDENCE NEVER LIES by Alfred Allan Lewis with Herbert Leon MacDonell. New York, Holt Rinehart Winston, 258 pp. \$16.95.

Ralph Amelan

JOURNALISTS WHO specialize in writing about murders are likely to end up with a ghoulish and sensationalist reputation. But through the eyes of a merely sensationalist writer, all such cases appear alike. The gory corpse, the accused person protesting his innocence, brilliant detective work, a beautiful girl in the background; these elements are the staples of pulp fiction and typical crime reporting, designed to have the greatest appeal to the public.

In reality, sudden death is both more humdrum and more interesting than that. Most killings lack glamour yet even the most commonplace of them can bring into sharp focus individuals, a family, a town or a national way of life. Calvin Trillin has established this beyond doubt. An experienced writer, he has regularly contributed a series to *The New Yorker* called "U.S. Journal," which explores people and places throughout the United States. While on his travels, he came across various killings which he wrote about simply because they interested him, and this book is a collection of these articles.

"When somebody dies suddenly shades are drawn up, and the specificity of what is revealed was part of what attracted me." In his introduction, Trillin appears somewhat uneasy in trying to justify an apparently morbid interest, but the articles themselves are a perfect answer to any misplaced charges. Trillin's fascination with character and motivation, and the sensitivity with which he approaches each sad event, puts him in a different league from the hack reporter, and any reservations this reader may have had were soon dispelled.

He has gift for detecting the extraordinary lurking unsuspected in the background. One killer, a Kentucky hill-farmer, furnished a home for a bride who never materialized. He therefore, like a latter-day Miss Havisham, let the place stand untouched for thirty years. A Russian defector turned born-again Christian accidentally shot himself while in a Californian motel room with a seventeen-year-old girl; an event which triggered recriminations and stone-throwing among competing fundamentalist missionary organizations. An elderly health food store owner in Tucson, inexplicably beaten up one night, was revealed as an anti-Semite and occultist who believed that "Lyndon Johnson, Lady Bird, and Robert McNamara turned into animals and sliced over White House fences at night."

Trillin's eye for place is prominent in a study of what happened to a generous, well-meaning Iowa com-

munity when a family of Laotian refugees, who has been invited there to live, suddenly attempted mass suicide without apparent reason. The currents of guilt and recrimination the affair caused are delicately and thoroughly explored.

Although Trillin recoils from drawing morals about America in general, he succumbs to temptation when writing about the death of the Russian defector. "...Kourdakov had already grown into the American way of life at the time of his death: a weekend at Disneyland and at a motel, a seventeen-year-old girl more emphatic about her reputation than about murder, strawberry wine, a pair of custom-fitted ski boots, a Thunderbird in the parking lot. Where else but in America, after all, could Kourdakov find, to his ultimate misfortune, that the father of a girl he met at a church camp owned seven weapons?"

An illuminating and fascinating book, warmly recommended.

THE LIFE and work of a dedicated and successful forensic scientist or criminalist should have wide appeal. Lovers of the gory corpse have no shortage of material, and devotees of the Sherlock Holmes type of story appreciate reading about how the criminalist pieces together a crime and helps to find the real culprit solely from the evidence of blood and bullet, hair and fingerprint. And in Herbert Leon MacDonell, a pioneer in the study of bloodstain pattern interpretation and possessor of an all-round ability that has led to his involvement in such cases as the Black Panther killings and the assassination of Robert Kennedy, *The Evidence Never Lies* has found a

worthy subject. Why, then, is the book so poor and unrevealing?

The blame must be laid mainly at the author's door. By arranging his material in the form of seven cases in which MacDonell was involved, he has blurred the focus of the book. In some stories MacDonell is only permitted to make a brief appearance towards the end. What compounds the problem is that Lewis lards his account with cliché-ridden reconstructed dialogues and interior monologues. This renders the accounts of the crimes themselves dull.

Furthermore, Lewis's writing betrays a nasty obsession with blood and violence. Under cover of detailing MacDonell's skilled reconstruction of one murder, the author indulges in such phrases as "...The viscous blood sticking to his glove... Her long dark blond hair was streaked with shimmering fresh blood as if sprayed with glitter." To compound this, he even manages to insert into the reconstruction the "fact" that the killer was "moaning huskily." How MacDonell managed to deduce that from the copious quantities of gore and hair lying about the place I do not know, but I suspect he might be letting loose a few husky moans of his own as he reads how his work has been sensationalized in a vain effort to appeal to low tastes.

Little effort has been made here to convey the full scope of MacDonell's work. For example, we are told several times that he invented the MAGNA-Brush, which revolutionized the taking of fingerprints. But we are never told how he invented it or how it works: basic material which should have been included.

Tedium

SHAKHARIT SHEI ETMOI. (Yesterday's Dawn) by Yakov Tsur. Tel Aviv, Sifriyat Tarnil. 181 pp. No price stated.

Jeffrey M. Green

IT WOULD be difficult to write a boring account of a childhood and youth beginning in intellectual circles in Warsaw, and which includes the Russian Revolution, Moscow, Siberia, flight through the Ukrainian countryside to safety in Poland, and Jerusalem and Tel Aviv in the Twenties. Yakov Tsur, one of the founders of Israel's diplomatic corps, and the son of Samuel Tchernowitz, an early distinguished Hebrew journalist, has, however, done his best. The pompous tone and psychological obtuseness of this autobiography go far to blunt the effect of the events and places it describes. Prominent men march through the pages of this book but are seen with very little precision.

Two episodes manage to emerge vividly here: the escape from Kiev across the Polish border, beginning with the planning, the misfortunes, the near disasters, and ending with the warm welcome given refugees by the Jews of Poland; and the time when the eighteen-year old Tsur finds himself penniless in Brindisi, having missed the boat back to Palestine. One wishes the author had told more stories like that on himself.

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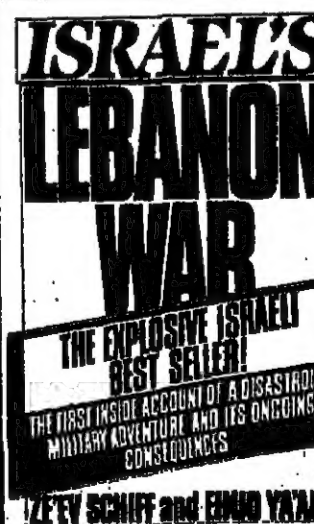
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Lessons of Korea

THE PUSAN PERIMETER by Edwin P. Hoyt. New York, Stein & Fay. 310 pp. \$19.95.

Meir Ronnen

ON JUNE 25, 1950 North Korean forces crossed the 38th parallel and began to roll up the quickly demoralized and outgunned forces of the ROK. The dictator of North Korea, Kim Il Sung (still in power today!), had perceived that the withdrawal of American troops from Korea (save a few unit and advisers attached to various ROK formations) had left the South virtually undefended. Kim believed the Americans when they said that they would not fight for Korea. He knew that the nearest American troops, those in occupied Japan, were not combat ready. His aim was to complete the occupation of South Korea and take the only real port, Pusan, before anyone could change his mind.

Kim saw few obstacles in his path; his troops were better trained, better armed and more motivated than the ROK forces (less than 100,000 men on each side were initially involved). Kim had attack aircraft; the ROK had none. Every communist regiment was spearheaded by T34 tanks. The Americans and the ROK forces, with no tanks and few anti-tank weapons, were unable to stop them. The few American units that attempted to stem the initial tide found their 2.9 inch bazooka shells bouncing off the T34's, just as they had bounced off German tanks a few years earlier. Luckily, a few of the brand-new 3.5 inch bazookas had just arrived in Korea, straight from the factory and, together with the few anti-tank artillery shells available began to knock out the T34's (we used the same fine bazooka in Israeli infantry units during the '60s).

Kim had another great advantage: his spies and fifth columnists were everywhere, often right in the middle of ROK and American units. His artillery, tanks and shock troops unerringly took out ROK and American command posts, artillery and mortars. Only at sea were the ROK forces a match for his; and an early attempt to land 600 commandos at Pusan was frustrated when a ROK ship sent them all to the bottom.

On the other hand, American inter-unit communications were totally inadequate and, when the first American and Australian air squadrons were rushed from Japan, they wrought havoc among their own troops, further demoralizing them. Soft, inadequately armed and poorly trained American troops of Walton Walker's Eighth Army repeatedly broke before the North Koreans. They were so unfit they could not retreat on foot in their combat boots; like the Egyptians in 1967, they threw their boots, as well as their guns, away.

But the communist tide was eventually stemmed. Growing American air support drove the Yaks from the skies. American tanks and artillery were landed. To Kim's complete surprise, America went on a war footing, depleting its strategic reserve at home and extending the draft. Worse for the North, American resistance became from the outset a United Nations Mandate, with British, Australian and even Turkish forces participating. Though the North was stopped less than 50 miles from Pusan, MacArthur saw a golden opportunity looming: a possibility of reuniting Korea in a way that Kim did not have in mind.

MacArthur's dream resulted in the tragic escalation of the Korean War; he underestimated the Chinese will just as Kim had underestimated the American will. But all that is beyond the scope of this book, which deals with a day-by-day account of the first few months of the war; and why American performance was initially so poor. The author correctly attributes this to the fact that the Eighth Army was an Occupation Force (in Japan) and not a fighting one. How right he is. As an Australian soldier attached to the Eighth's 25th ("Tropic Lightning") Infantry Division in Japan between 1945-48, this writer had every opportunity to see how units leading a delightfully hedonistic existence as parade-ground units with shiny helmet liners and white neck-scarves, waited on hand and foot by Japanese servants, preferred using their fieldcraft skills hunting Japanese girls. It was very apparent to me that even General Walker, a tough, capable combat leader, was 25 kilos overweight (he was to work it off in Korea). Nor was the American rank and file at first motivated to fight the Koreans; there had been no time for indoctrination. All the American officers and men wanted was to get out of the hell of the Pusan perimeter and get back to the Japanese flashpots, the beer halls, the dance cabarets, the girl-caddy golf courses and the PX-supplied black-market. Nearly half of them had been treated for venereal disease.

The worst American performance of the first months of the war in Korea was that of the 25th Division, long bereft of most of the veterans that had brought it fame and glory in the Pacific. And its very worst brigade was the all-black 24th Infantry Regiment. The 24th's three battalions (it was the only American regiment at full strength) broke and ran from a dozen different engagements, endangering other units on the flanks to such an extent that the white Americans were ready to shoot the blacks. Some black officers and NCO's performed outstandingly and one black private first class in the 24th won the first Congressional Medal of Honour awarded in Korea. But not even men such as these could

hold the regiment together in combat. The 24th had none of the pride of the U.S. 442nd regimental combat team, a formation of Japanese-Americans which covered itself with glory and medals fighting the Germans in Italy.

The reasons for this are not hard to find and Hoyt touches on them. The U.S. forces were then still segregated to an extent unbelievable today; and black resentment was often at a fever pitch. I recall narrowly escaping being knifed by a group of blacks from the 24th Regiment simply because I had naively tried to socialize with them. On another occasion, while travelling from Osaka to Hiroshima in the company of a black officer, I was appalled at the hostility directed at me by Americans of all ranks because I was obviously on friendly terms with a black. In this atmosphere of mutual hostility, it was little wonder that the motivation of all-black units was as low - or lower - than that of many demoralized white units.

If there was one good thing that came out of the Korean war it was the successful integration of black Americans into white units, which led in turn to black integration (such as it is) into American society as a whole. Unemployed blacks were prominent among volunteers for Korea. As casualties mounted, there was such a shortage of replacements that black officers and men, at first those with combat experience, were willy nilly fed into white units for the first time. And after the failure of the 24th, no general wanted to rebuild a black unit.

Despite initial resentments, the experiment was a total success. Treated more or less as equals, blacks performed well and earned the respect and trust of their buddies. Interestingly enough, attempts to integrate ROK and American units on a one-to-one "buddy" system were a failure.

But the great lesson of the Korean War was that nations which are not combat ready invite trouble; the weak are the natural prey of the strong. One hopes this is a lesson this country will never forget, not even in the balmy days of the eventual peace we all hope will come.

This is a good book about the opening of what was to prove a bloody war, fought under terrible conditions. Unfortunately, the maps are unreadable and the text thrice refers the reader to the wrong map. A few minor caveats: the 24th Regiment is twice confused with the 24th Division; and there is a mix-up with different Colonel Smiths.

P.S. While driving across the island of Oahu in Hawaii recently, I came across a huge military installation sporting a giant but familiar unit flash: a gold lightning shaft on a red shield, the insignia of the 25th Infantry Division. This unit is now on permanent alert ready to be flown at a moment's notice to anywhere in the Middle and Near East. Should we be apprehensive?

Sad history

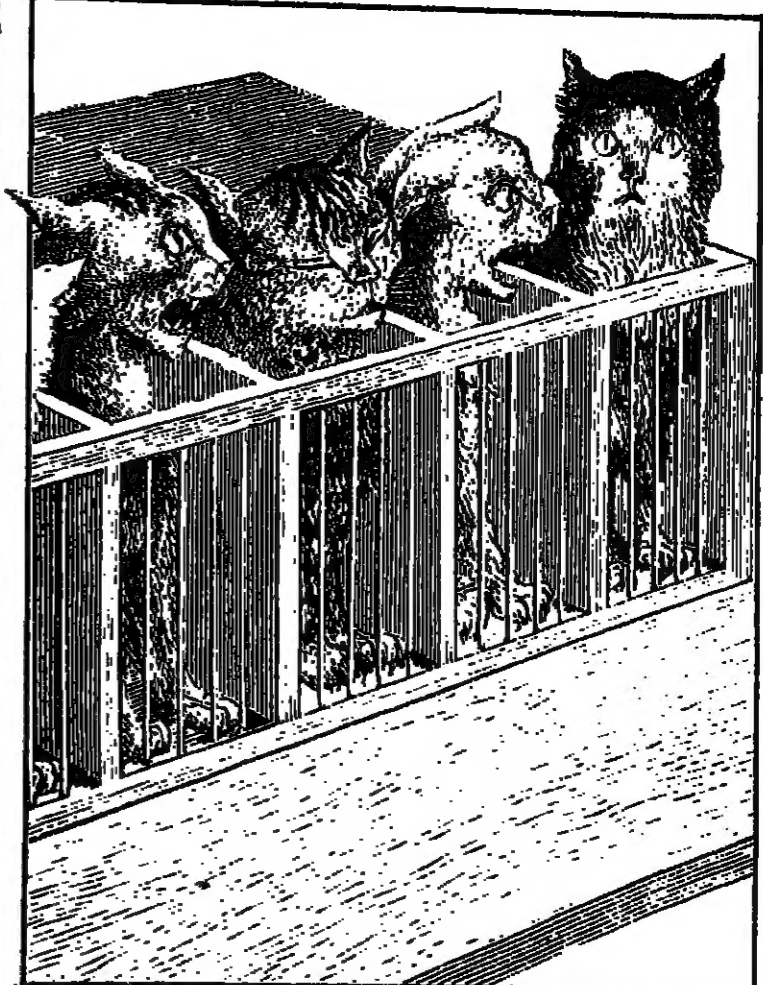
INDIANS OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST: A History by Robert H. Ruby and John A. Brown. Norman, University of Oklahoma Press. 294 pp. \$27.95.

BROWN AND RUBY maintain a dignified narrative style in this impressive history, from about 1750 to 1900, of over a hundred Indian tribes in their interactions with each other, and with the white settlers who expanded into this enormous area.

Much of this intensely sad history has a contemporary application for Israelis, as in the following paragraph: "In that time before the inauguration of a federal merit system many agency personnel were qualified only by their political connections. Some were dishonest or at best inefficient. They were isolated from governmental scrutiny, which would have been ineffective in any case because of the turmoil and corruption of the Civil War and the ensuing Reconstruction era. With perhaps more insight than indignation, Silez, agent Ben Simpson in the last annual report, dated October 1, 1871, de-

scribed the interior department - Indian office complex as 'little better than a gigantic circumlocution office, in which everything is done by indirect and circuitous methods.' The cursory examination of agencies by government inspectors, which took place three times yearly, did little to improve their workers. The same isolation that permitted agency personnel great leeway in the conduct of their affairs drove many from the service. Those who remained bickered with Indians and with each other; the ramifications of their quarrels sometimes reached the national capital." D.S.

Profusion of cats



THE GREAT CAT MASSACRE and Other Episodes in French Cultural History by Robert Darnton. Basic Books, New York. 298 pp. \$17.95.

Benny Morris

pounds of candle wax burned to patron saints in churches."

Statistics may be utilized in strict social history, though "cultural objects are not manufactured by the historian but by the people he studies," Darnton argues. "They give off meaning. They need to be read, not counted."

What did "the great cat massacre" mean; what does it tell us? "By getting the joke... it may be possible to get a basic ingredient of artisanal culture under the Old Regime."

At its most basic, the massacre was a revolt: against awful conditions of life and labour; against a humiliating state of affairs which gave more importance to cats than apprentices. "The masters love cats; consequently [the workers] hate

them," wrote Contat.

Cats had been killed, of course, before then. They were tortured and killed during Shrove Tuesday (Mardi Gras), and in the cycle of John the Baptist (24 June). Killing cats meant good fortune. "Cats tied up in meats, cats suspended from ropes, or cats burned at stakes. Parisians liked to incinerate cats by the sackful..." And not only Parisians. In London during the Reformation, "a Protestant crowd," Darnton tells us, "shaved a cat to look like a priest, dressed it in mock vestments, and hanged it on the gallows at Cheap-side."

Cats, of course, suggested evil and witchcraft. And the female. *Le chat, la chatte* are common French terms for the vagina. To kill the mistress's cat implied she was a witch, and represented also a vicarious sexual assault on her person. In their revolt, the apprentices attacked the master through his wife. And we learn something from this web of interconnections about the period of French life preceding 1789.

DARNTON DEVOTES another chapter to French folk tales in the 18th century. He is rather dismissive of psychoanalytic analysis of folk tales, on the grounds that it fails usually to probe their mutations and historical origins.

What do they tell us about popular attitudes in France two or three centuries ago? Darnton discusses, in this context, the craving for meat in many of these folk tales. Meat was eaten, if at all, once or twice a year, on high holidays; French peasants were too poor to eat it more often. The folk tales in general illuminate peasant experience, and its minor image of "life on the road," which was lived usually by the dispossessed second, third and fourth child.

The tales helped to "orient the peasant" about his surroundings and universe. The despair of parents with too many children to feed; the arbitrariness and immorality of the rulers; the roguery of life on the road - they are embedded in the folk-tales, which were told by peasant to peasant, and by peasant to child. They made life more intelligible and livable, for "they show how the world is made and how one can cope with it." And these themes eventually penetrated higher French culture.

SOME READERS may find "A Police Inspector Sorts His Files: The Anatomy of the Republic of Letters" the most entertaining of these six well-written and well-argued chapters.

Joseph d'Hemery was a book trade inspector circa 1750. He opened files and wrote "histories" about 501 persons, 434 of them "active writers." They included the Encyclopedists, and many writers who have sunk without trace in the intervening centuries. These files demonstrate that the Parisian literary world was remarkably heterogeneous; its members derived from the aristocracy, the clergy, the middle classes, and the urban poor. The only class unrepresented was the peasantry. Women presided over the salons though only 16 - in the files d'Hemery kept - ever published anything.

At least 10 per cent of d'Hemery's subjects did time in the Bastille. Darnton writes: "If the Bastille was almost empty on July 14, 1789, it was full of meaning for the men who made it into the central symbol of radical propaganda before the French Revolution."

D'Hemery, in some respects a precursor of a modern secret policeman, categorized his subjects according to political or social worth (as assessed by a flatfoot). Fosse, for

instance, is a "good subject"; Ollivier, Febré and Neel are "bad subjects"; Gournay and Voltaire are "very bad subjects"; Luquet is "extremely suspicious."

He has also rather tendentious descriptions of them. Voltaire is "Tall, dry and [has] the bearing of a satyr."

Binville is "Nasty, toadlike and dying of hunger." Jourdain is "Nasty, swarthy, small, filthy and disgusting."

An 18th century believer in physiognomy, d'Hemery naturally found features important. Coq had a "delectable physiognomy." Biliene a "hideous physiognomy."

Unlike his average modern counterpart, d'Hemery awarded marks and essayed literary criticism. "He praised 'taste', 'wit' and 'talent' wherever he found it, even among 'bad subjects.' 'Esprit' was his favourite term. It seems to have been the first thing that he looked for in a writer, and it compensated for a good deal of straying from the straight and narrow."

Ultimately, d'Hemery was the guardian of the state. He was always on the lookout for *libellistes* - writers attacking ministers and dukes, kings and bishops, and who eroded the foundation of social order. He was on the lookout, also, for atheists, who subverted the world-view on which the Ancien Régime ultimately rested. Of Diderot, he wrote: "He is a young man who plays the wit and prides himself on his impiety; very dangerous; speaks of the holy mysteries with scorn." The inspector himself, apparently, was devout.

Libellistes, who flouted sexual and other social conventions, were dangerous also, and Darnton provides us with some lively anecdotes and mini-portraits of them.

D'Hemery's treasure-trove provides a unique view of the mid-18th-century French republic of letters. "By watching the police watch the likes of Diderot, one can see the dim figure of the intellectual take on a perceptible shape and emerge as a force to be reckoned with in early modern France."

THE OTHER essays in this extremely enjoyable collection are about a bourgeois guide to Montpellier; the Encyclopedists; and his readers' responses to Rousseau's novels: ("I was past weeping. A sharp pain convulsed me. My heart was crushed. Julie dying was no longer an unknown person. I believed I was her sister, her friend, her Claire. My seizure became so strong that if I had not put the book away I would have been as ill as those who attended that virtuous woman in her last moments.")

Poets from there

CONTEMPORARY EAST EUROPEAN POETRY edited by Emory George. Ardis. 456 pp. \$12.50 paperback. \$30.00 hardcover.

Howard Schwartz

BEGINNING WITH the series of modern European poets published by Penguin in the Sixties, American poets and readers of poetry discovered a rich and original vein of literature, quite different in style and approach from that being published in the U.S. Poets such as the Yugoslavian Vasco Popo, writing fables about the myths of stones and stars, and the Polish Zbigniew Herbert, whose poems blend the real and the surreal in unexpected ways, revealed a sophisticated literature

with much to teach us.

Since that time a good many Western European poets have been translated separately and in anthologies, and their work has become much more familiar and influential. But because of the political barriers, very few Eastern European poets have had their work disseminated. This unfortunate situation has largely been overcome with the appearance of this major anthology, edited by Emory George. Professor George, himself an expert on Hungarian literature, travelled throughout Eastern Europe searching first-hand for the major poets in ten Eastern European countries, including the obvious ones such as Poland, Rumania and East Germany, and obscure ones such as Macedonia, Serbia and Bulgaria. He has also included a

cross-cultural selection of Yiddish poets, since their work was not limited to any single nation.

For most readers of modern poetry, even the devoted ones, almost all of the poets included here will be discoveries, and there are some exceptional ones to be made. For in addition to poets such as Czeslaw Milosz, Tadeusz Rozewicz and Johannes Bobrowski, whose work has become familiar in translation, there are well over a hundred other poets translated into English for the first time. These poets write in a variety of styles, from the very terse and obscure lines of Bobrowski to the self-evident lyricism of Abraham Sutzkever. The most common approach, however, is the ironic, which is not surprising considering the conditions under which they live. Above all, it is remarkable that this unbridled poetry has been produced under the worst conditions of political isolation.

A survival book

SYLVIA PORER'S YOUR OWN MONEY: Earning It, Spending It, Saving It, Investing It and Living on It in Your First Independent Years. New York, Avon. 815 pp. \$12.95.

Sheldon Teitelbaum

THIS BOOK is written for the benefit of American teenagers who, Porter laments, have been deprived by their educational system of a grounding in the basic working of economics and financial competence in the U.S.

If you ignore the chapters dealing with such earth-shaking topics as how to buy tickets to a rock concert, or how to wrangle an allowance out of your parents, it is still the ultimate

survival book. It contains a wealth of information on how to look for a job, use the banking system, buy a car, how to avoid though not evade, taxes, how to rent an apartment, budget for and compile a wardrobe, borrow money for an Ivy League education, and avoid being conned into buying the Brooklyn Bridge. There's no end to it.

Porter intends it also as an aid to parents in teaching their kids the rudiments of getting by on their own and, in many cases, gaining such expertise rather belatedly. Porter is a columnist widely syndicated in the U.S. and writes a simple snappy English most teenagers will relish. And there's even enough useful information here to justify an Israeli purchasing the book.

AN UNCLE OF MINE, a successful lawyer in Johannesburg, taught us, when we were artful clerks dreaming of becoming future Perry Masons, the principle he considered to be the fundamental rule of law: no client is worth more than one Supreme Court case. By this he meant that a wise and dedicated lawyer would hit any client involved in a major trial for anything the traffic would bear, rather than ask for a moderate fee in the hope of earning future remuneration from the client.

By the same token, I would advise Amos Ettinger and his team that no person is worth two instalments of *This is Your Life*. Even with the programme on Shoshana Damari, which I enjoyed very much, the material got very thin by journey's end. This week's opening 30 minutes with David Friedman turned into a disaster.

It has been said that every person has one book in him, either a biography or a novel. I am prepared to buy this concept. Whenever I have had to prepare a curriculum vitae, I have been struck by what a fascinating character I am and how full my life has been of massive accomplishments.

Of course, I could draw up, but don't, a parallel curriculum full of equally vast failures. The two together could make one book, or one instalment of *This is Your Life*, but never two. The same thing applies to poor David Friedman.

In fact, Ettinger tacitly admitted that Friedman didn't merit 180 minutes when he entitled his programme, *David Friedman and the People of Eilat*. The result of this double-header was that Sunday night's effort broke sharply into two dissociated fragments.

The first half was a very interesting biography of Friedman, the type of thing to which we have become accustomed on *This is Your Life*; the second was a get-together of pioneer Eilat's telling each other about the good old hard times, like members of the Palmah attending a *kumtza* on Independence Eve, or the school class of '52 reuniting at a reunion how old so-and-so put a frog in the teacher's desk.

Almost all the veteran Eilat's present had gone to Israel's most southern point long before Friedman left Argentina, and their anecdotes had nothing to do with him.

The result was that he became the forgotten man, sitting demurely in his corner, looking embarrassed, laughing politely at reminiscences with which they must have bored him a thousand times, and yet pretending that he was having a very good time. He was like a shy little boy who finds himself by mistake at a party of older children with whom he doesn't have much in common.

AFTER WE HAD dutifully endured Ettinger's revolting routine about the subject not knowing he is the subject, about which I have complained *ad nauseum*, our host got off to a very good start with the old joke about the Israeli in Europe asking a friend he's met there: "Snob, have you seen Eilat?" Then he introduced us to David Friedman as a great lover of tropical fish, and a great expert on them.

A marine biologist told us that Friedman not only knows the name of every fish in the Bay of Eilat, he even carries their telephone numbers in his head.

I agree wholeheartedly with somebody else on the programme, who said that the silent world of Eilat is the most enjoyable sight in Israel, and so I prepared myself for a great evening with Friedman and his fish. Alas, it was not to be.

Speaking on the telephone to his



David Friedman

Forgotten man

TELEREVIEW / Philip Gillon

son Rafi in Tokyo, Friedman asked that Friedman didn't merit 180 minutes when he entitled his programme, *David Friedman and the People of Eilat*. The result of this double-header was that Sunday night's effort broke sharply into two dissociated fragments.

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Speaking on the telephone to his

Micha Limor's weekly magazine on Friday night: Chaim Gil's very good coverage of Avi Farhan's development, called Alai Sinai, on the beach 20 km. south of Ashkelon.

If my memory serves me correctly, Farhan is a last-ditch hardliner from Yamit who marched around waving a flag at the time of the town's evacuation. Perhaps we should regard his actions with great suspicion. Nevertheless, on the face of it, since the spot in question is clearly within the Green Line, it is hard to see any objection to setting up a shantytown on a beach, provided the authorities don't mind.

HE DID imply that he looks on this development as a springboard for the recovery of all Sinai by Israel, but as long as he doesn't do any springing, I don't think that we should treat this as another secret attempt to extend the limits of our empire.

On the same programme, we saw the results of the greatest folly of our imperialists: the Lebanon war. One of Arik Sharon's possible aims was to bring law and order to the quarrelsome natives, as the British were supposed to do in the great days of Queen Victoria. Remember how we boasted in 1982 how happily the Lebanese received us, how they thanked us for freeing them from the PLO and from the horrors of civil war?

Moshe Shlonsky took us on a sortie north of the Awaril River with a column of Israeli troops.

He began his excellent coverage with shots of the faces of young soldiers being briefed by their officer before setting out. They looked grim, dejected, confused. I wondered if they wondered why they were risking their lives. What did keeping the Christian Arabs and the Druse from each other's throats have to do with Israel's young men?

In the Christian sector, it wasn't so bad; the people there obviously did not resent the Israelis so much. But as soon as they crossed no man's land and made their way slowly and cautiously through a Druse village, the hostility was palpable.

In what must have been the understatement of the year, Shlonsky observed drily that the Israelis were not popular. "Trouble can break out at any minute," he added. "A shot or grenade may come from a balcony."

Film of soldiers in action never supports those patriots who believe that war is glorious. It is stupid and wicked - unless it is a defensive war forced upon one. The stupidity and evil become aggravated when nobody understands why the war is being fought.

Looking at those young men on their sterile mission, I became more than ever convinced that the quicker we get the hell out of there, the better.

WONDERFUL developments have taken place in our programming. *Mama Malone* has gone the way of all flesh, of which she had such an inelegant surfeit, and has been replaced by Paul Eddington, alias Jim Hacker of *Yes, Minister*, in *Let There Be Love*, a British version of the popular American sitcom about a step-father saddled with somebody else's family.

It is not *Yes, Minister*, but so far it has been very good. And I like *Trapper John*, with the beautiful ex-hooker neurosurgeon, who seemed to do her microsurgery with an eyebrow pencil. And we also had those great George C. Scott parodies.

Israel Television's stock has clearly soared; I wish shares on the stock exchange would do as well.

The nature of things



D'vora Ben Shaul

NOW THAT the rains have finally come, mushrooms are springing up everywhere and those with some expertise in identifying the edible varieties are settling in for an orgy of omelettes, soufflés and other mushroom-based delicacies.

The army of these edible fungi in Israel is enough to delight the heart of any gourmet but, since there are also quite a few poisonous varieties, the collection of these delectable fungi is not for the uninitiated. Once you do really learn about them, then it isn't so confusing, and you aren't much more likely to mix up an edible mushroom with a poisonous one than you are to confuse a rose with a thistle just because both have thorns.

One mushroom that everyone can feel safe with, of course, is the *orellini*, or pine forest mushroom.

These brownish-yellow fungi grow on a sort of spongy under-layer growth only around pine trees, and there is no other mushroom that even resembles them. They are best picked when very fresh, the smaller the better. They are tasty, and are also very good for soups when dried. I wouldn't say they compare gastronomically with some of the other varieties like the ink mushroom (which is absolutely safe unless eaten while alcohol is ingested), or any of a number of other delicious goodies. But the *orellini* is at least safe for the amateur mushroomer.

ANOTHER EDIBLE fungus which almost no one picks (I'm glad they leave them for me) is the "steak mushroom" that grows on the boles of old trees. It stands out from the tree like a ruffle or a little shelf. It is most prevalent on pepper (*pilpil*) trees, and on carobs. It, too, has no poisonous counterpart.

Later in the year there are truffles but most people don't know how to find them, since they grow underground, usually in symbiosis with the Shimshon bushes in the Negev. The Beduin women pick them and sell them in the markets of Beer Sheva and Ramle every year around Pesach time. Truffles have always been considered a delicacy, and, in Europe, since the Middle Ages, trained truffle dogs and even trained pigs have been used to locate them by their distinctive odour. Actually, if one observes carefully, at least here in the Negev, the truffles cause a slight, cracked elevation in the earth around the bushes, and are quite easy to find. Truffles, like all other fungi grown from spores, have no roots and no chlorophyll for photosynthesis.

None of these edible mushrooms is outstandingly nutritious, since they contain more than 90 per cent water, but they are tasty, and turn even a supper of scrambled eggs into a banquet.

PEOPLE OFTEN ask me whether I don't run out of ideas for this column. On the contrary, I am continually confronted with tempting proposals of interesting things to write about. Often I get into the position of the girl in *Oklahoma* "who can't say no," and find myself "in a terrible fix" with more consumer news than fits into a weekly page. I shall try to convey as much as possible this week before it gets too stale to print.

The recent interest in where to shop economically extends to textiles as well as foodstuffs. Three new ventures have surfaced recently in Tel Aviv-Jaffa.

An ambitious new outlet for selling export surpluses to the public opened its door last Saturday night at the textile industry's high-rise Textile and Fashion Centre building on the sea-front between Tel Aviv and Jaffa. It is the third building past the Astoria Hotel. The sales outlet floor is called *Metzyon Hataxil* - from the Hebrew word for a bargain.

It is being promoted as "a chic place to bargain-hunt," almost a contradiction in terms. The building is an international-style "merchandise mart" with lifts, lobbies, offices, restaurants, and a parking lot (for a fee).

The aim is to sell export surpluses with some 20 leading brand labels - including those of the Polgar complex (Beger Or, Ouman, Bagir, etc.), Dorina, Ayelet, Maquette, Rotex, Emek, Toyland, and Glenoit. This means clothing, bed linen, plush toys and small rugs.

Yoram Radoshitzky, general manager of Emek and spokesman for his fellow industrialists, told a press conference that the merchandise is to be "genuine export surplus." This means goods from the 10-20 per cent margin that manufacturers calculate to ensure the right quantity and quality. Most will be Grade A goods, with any Grade B carefully labelled. Fashion lines will not usually be the same as seen in local shops, but those designed for overseas. Nor will they be last season's leftovers but, on the contrary, often fashions well ahead of the season, because that is how export works.

Discounts, however, will not be as dramatic as I had anticipated. Prices will be only between 10 and 30 per cent lower than for comparable merchandise sold by the same firms in ordinary shops. Moreover, Radoshitzky admits that most of this made-in-Israel merchandise will still cost more in Tel Aviv-Jaffa than abroad, but says this is inevitable because of tax structures and export incentives.

Hours at the fancy bargain centre are 10 a.m.-10 p.m. Sundays through Thursdays. Each firm sets its own policy as to payment - whether cash or credit.

NOT FAR from this textile centre geographically, but leagues away in atmosphere, is the new "Fashion Supermarket" in Jaffa, near the Clock Tower. From a name like that, I had expected modern, wide-aisled premises and shopping carts. Not so. *Supermarket Lofna*, as its Hebrew-only sign reads, is a small, shabby-looking shop which blends into the surrounding neighbourhood of shabby-looking workshops. The exact address is 4 Rehov Melech Hiram, which runs diagonally from the Clock Tower.

But if the appearance is drab, the sales philosophy is very attractive. David Bracha and Moshe Stamer, former sales agents for fashion manufacturers, decided to by-pass the credit-term syndrome which allegedly makes clothing so costly in

The big round-up



MARKETING WITH MARTHA

chain stores. They aim to sell the same brand-name merchandise as the chains, at prices as much as 50 per cent lower. To achieve this, they take merchandise from factories on consignment and pay for it within a week. And they don't accept credit cards.

From my visits to Fashion Supermarket, my impression was that some of the stock does indeed bear well-known labels, but some carries little-known names. I did not find identical garments there and elsewhere, so as to be able to compare prices. However, when I came to shop with my fashion-conscious teenage daughter, we found two very good bargains at prices about half those on similar merchandise in Dizengoff windows. Most of the stock is women's fashionwear, but there are things for men and children too.

Bracha and Stamer promise something few Israeli merchants do - that they will return cash to customers who exchange any unworn garment in good condition within 10 days. This is one reason the tiny Supermarket claims to be "a Marks & Spencer-style" business. It plans a large shop in Ramat Gan soon.

The store is open 8 a.m.-8 p.m. weekdays, until 1.30 p.m. Fridays, and after Shabbat until 10 p.m. Apart from the Supermarket, the

entire neighbourhood around the Clock Tower is well worth a bargain-shopping expedition, especially if one is looking for footwear. In prices, it rivals Rehov Neve Sha'anani, the famous "shoe street" near the Tel Aviv central bus station, and I find it more pleasant to shop for shoes where the actual workshops are.

YET ANOTHER new bargain store for clothing and household linens in Tel Aviv is called "Super Store." This one is located on Rehov Harakevet, corner of Derech Petah Tikva, in the building veteran Tel Avivians know as Beit Ehadar. (The Mems offices and central Steinmazz agency are there too.) Super Store is much more spacious than Jaffa's so-called Supermarket. But its emphasis is less on high fashion and more on practical, everyday clothing for men, women and children. Its method of business is similar - buying on consignment and selling for cash. Super Store carries some footwear too - mainly bedroom slippers and plastic boots.

The Kol-Bo Shalom department store in Tel Aviv has announced what it calls an "American-style sale" of fashion-wear from this winter's collection by Alaska-Sportlife, including some export surpluses with minor defects. The sale opens

tomorrow evening (Saturday, December 22). A wide range of women's apparel, including evening dresses, elegant overalls, fashion slacks, skirts and sweaters, will be sold at one price - IS9,900, which in some cases means a reduction of 50 per cent.

WOULD YOU dare to give a set of Grade B towels as a wedding present? One of our leading towel manufacturers, A. Wardinon Ltd. of Petah Tikva, says there is no reason why not, as these have very minor defects, virtually invisible. Or they may simply be export surplus. Wardinon invites the public to the factory shop to select towels, and even bed linen and blankets, to make up sets called *Nedunya* ("Dowry") being sold for IS50,000. Marketing manager Shula Wardinon says this is half what it would cost in a shop. Until December 29, an additional towel is thrown in free.

Buying textiles direct from factories is nothing new, but few firms do as much as Wardinon to make private customers feel welcome. Recently, it began selling slightly defective towels by weight. It also offers terrycloth bathrobes, training suits, sweaters, pyjamas and bedding - some its own brand, some from other firms. Payment is by cash or cheque.

Wardinon is located at 4 Rehov Habithon, in the Kiryat Matulan industrial zone of Petah Tikva. (If you're driving from Tel Aviv, turn right at the traffic lights before Beilinson Hospital.)

The import ban has been credited with inspiring a new business called "Souvenir Design," brainchild of an American immigrant businessman, Uri Rosen, and local designer Shmuelik Schwartz. The idea was to produce inexpensive "blue-and-white" novelty gift items. Some of them are geared to tourists and potential export markets.

Souvenir Design makes a series of transfer stickers in Hebrew and English with slogans varying from "Happy Birthday" to "A Yiddische Momma." Most appear on coffee mugs from Koor's Na'amun and on thick candles from Nerot Zion of Kiryat Gat. Suggested as gifts for every occasion, they cost IS1,000-152,000.

MOST HEATING methods do not generate glowing enthusiasm. Not so with wood-burning stoves and fireplaces, whose owners love to wax eloquent over the joys of rediscovering this old-fashioned source of energy. I recently received a four-page tractate on wood-burning from a Jerusalem friend, who covered every aspect from the history of JNF forestry to the cost calculations of this fuel today.

Since I wrote about the wood-burning craze when it first hit the country some years ago, I shall not repeat the whole story. However, I was interested in the idea that wood-heating can be appropriate not only for private houses, but also for apartment-dwellers, particularly those on top floors or just one floor below the top.

My correspondent suggests that if you want to run your fire-pipe through your upstairs neighbour's flat, he will probably agree and may even share the cost, as he will benefit from free heating. Wood-burners, unlike oil-burners, I'm told, heat their chimneys all the way to the top. Alternatively, the chimney can run on the exterior wall, but must be better insulated.

In fact, a leading Jerusalem manufacturer of wood-burning stoves, Meidan Ltd., tells me 60 per cent of its installations are in apartment buildings rather than one-family

homes. Meidan is a big metalwork plant in Tzupiot that has been making wood-burning stoves for two years, and sells them for around IS180,000, plus installation. By next year, it hopes to have a more sophisticated system that will heat radiators.

Meidan estimates that, with its standard stove, an average-sized flat in the hilly areas can be kept comfortably warm for a monthly outlay in the vicinity of IS55,000.

My wood-enthusiast correspondent claims that, contrary to popular belief, a wood fire is one of the less dangerous ways of keeping the home warm, because children and pets have a natural sense of self-preservation and won't go uncomfortably close to a heat-radiating element.

BE THAT as it may, precautions should be taken with wood-burning as with any other type of open-fire heating. In a recent column on safety, I suggested that every home should have a fire extinguisher, which brought an immediate response from Alchem Ltd., the Jaffa firm that has been producing the internationally-known "Firejet" - called in Israel "Silonit" - for over 30 years.

There are two small, hand-held plastic models, one containing 300 gr. of gas, the other 500 gr. Carrying the Israel Standards Institution's *lav itzer*, they are standard equipment in IDF kitchens and have also been approved by leading insurance organizations in Britain and the U.S.

Silonit double-jet extinguishers operate on a low-pressure gas, Halon 1211. This is suitable for all types of fires, including oil, kerosene and electrical ones. According to Alchem's export manager, Daniel Oberman, it can be sprayed directly on electrical connections, on high-tech equipment such as computers, on skin and on clothing without causing damage. He claims that it is more effective than the TCF gas used in the less expensive brands of extinguisher produced locally.

Oberman suggests that one of the small models should be kept in the kitchen - where it can be hooked on the wall - and a larger one somewhere else in the home. A small model is also recommended for cars, but should not be used near the fuel tank.

The recommended price for the 300gm. model is IS5,950, and for the 500 gm. model IS4,750 at the sole direct agent, Abra Bitnut, 15 Sderot Yehudit in Tel Aviv. You'll note that the larger size is cheaper than the smaller, but the prices quoted in shops in various parts of the country may vary slightly.

Larger models for home protection range from 1.5 kg. to 3 kg., with prices going up to about IS15,000.

Gas extinguishers are intended for one-time use, I'm told, and should then be discarded. If unused, they will remain effective for several years, but should be weighed at least once a year to ensure that they have not lost more than 10 per cent of their stated volume.

TO END on a lighter seasonal note, the American-style doughnut chain, Donut Duck, has just opened a branch in Jerusalem, in Rehov Mordechai Ben Hillel off the Ben Yehuda pedestrian mall, in addition to its several shops in and around Tel Aviv. Its doughnuts, which weigh about 60 gr., sell for the rather steep price of IS400 each, but its slightly-less-than-freshest doughnuts from the "previous batch" are sold at reduced prices.

Martha Meisels